★ Aug. 8, 1953

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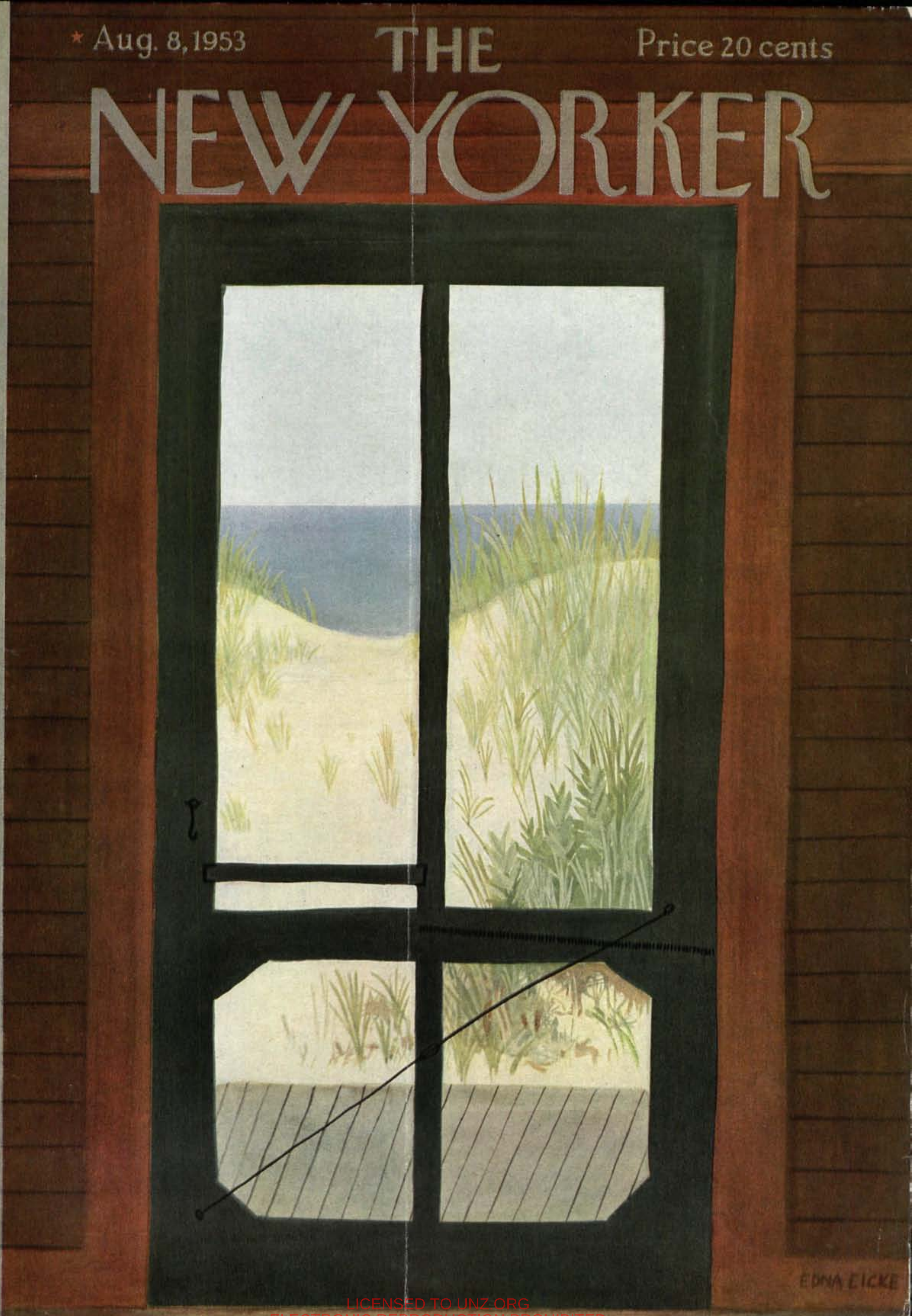
THE NEW YORKER



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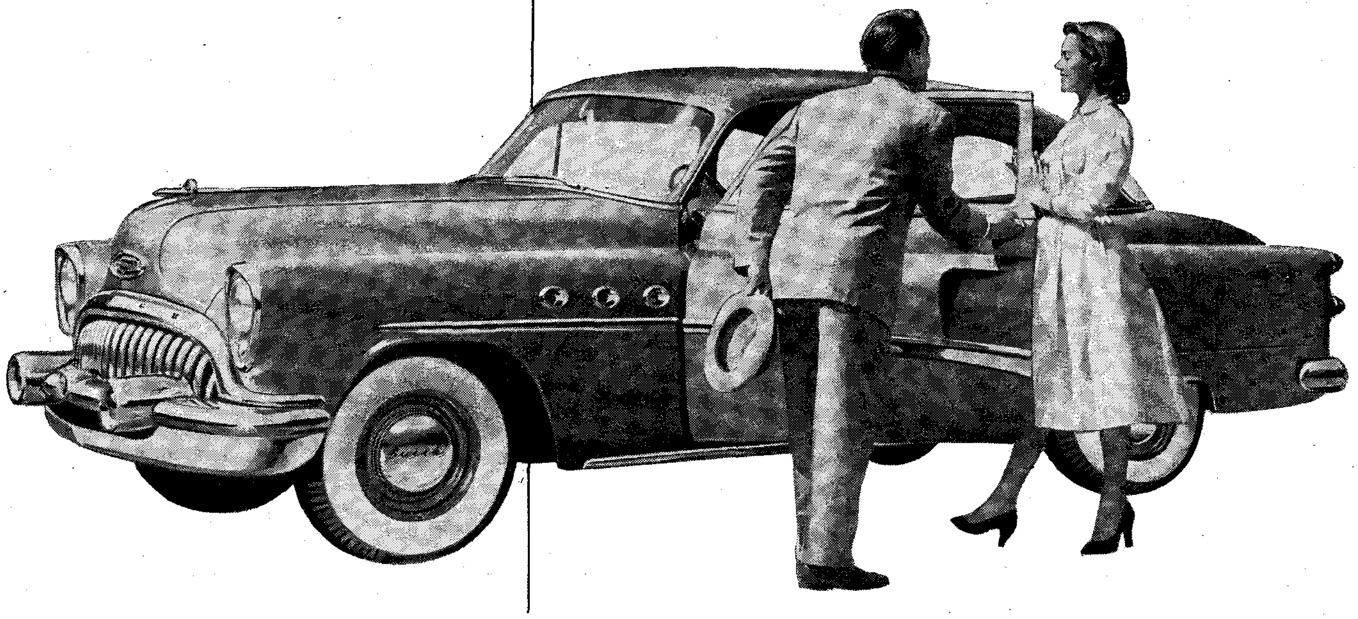

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Dial "M" for Murder—A taut English melodrama, by Frederick Knott, about a man who hires an old college mate to murder his wife. Maurice Evans is very sinister and urbane in the leading role. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Fifth Season—Fun among the denizens of the Seventh Avenue garment belt, with Menasha Skulnik providing most of the laughs. Richard Whorf shares the showroom with Mr. Skulnik. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

My 3 Angels—An excellent comedy, derived by Sam and Bella Spewack from a French original, which concerns some droll convicts in Cayenne who want to see justice done according to their own eccentric notions. José Ferrer has directed the piece briskly, Boris Aronson has contrived an admirable set, and Walter Slezak, Jerome Cowan, Carmen Mathews, Henry Daniell, and Joan Chandler fulfill the authors' fondest expectations. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Picnic—Sex running like a grass fire through the lives of some ladies in a Kansas town. A fine play by William Inge, which was directed by Joshua Logan and has Janice Rule, Ralph Meeker, and Peggy Conklin in its cast. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

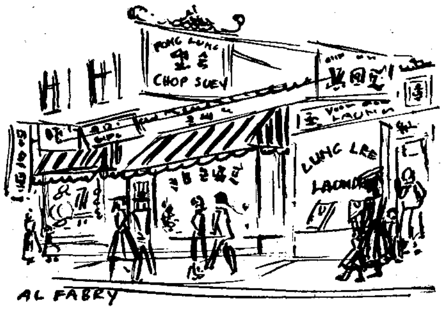
The Seven Year Itch—A very jolly comedy, by George Axelrod, dealing with a middle-aged man who gets more or less carried away with his own fantasies about being a Valentino. Oddly enough, he succeeds in the seduction—to use the word frivolously—of a most appetizing girl. As played by Tom Ewell, the protagonist is completely ingratiating, and as his inamorata, Vanessa Brown makes a beguiling case for the younger set. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Can-Can—The choreography by Michael Kidd, the scenery by Jo Mielziner, and Motley's costumes are chiefly responsible for the appeal of this play about Montmartre in the nineties. Cole Porter wrote the music and lyrics, Abe Burrows did the book, and the cast is distinguished by the presence of Lilo, Gwen Verdon, and Peter Cookson. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Me and Juliet—That favorite theme, backstage life, has now been given the Rodgers and Hammerstein treatment. The best things about the result are the breezy choreography by Robert Alton and the inventive settings by Jo Mielziner, a busy man around town these days. The cast is headed by Isabel Bigley and Joan McCracken. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Porgy and Bess—On its third time around, the Gershwin folk opera seems brighter than ever. With Porgy played alternately by LeVern Hutcherson, Leslie Scott, and Irving Barnes, Bess by Leontyne Price and Urylee Leonardos, Sportin' Life by Cab Calloway, and Crown by John McCurry, the music and attendant uproar are in good hands. Directed by Robert Breen, the revival has the services of Alexander Smallens as conductor. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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Wonderful Town—"My Sister Eileen" again, on this occasion with music by Leonard Bernstein, lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, and direction by George Abbott. Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov, who dramatized the Ruth McKenney stories in the first place, concocted the lively book, and Rosalind Russell proves to be a versatile comedienne, with plenty of humor to compensate for a rather sketchy knowledge of singing and dancing. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**the king and i:** The Rodgers and Hammerstein view of Siam. Yul Brynner is the King; Constance Carpenter is the English teacher. For two weeks starting Monday, Aug. 10, Annamary Dickey will fill in for Miss Carpenter. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **south pacific:** Edwin Booth could never forgive himself for passing up the lead in this musical when it opened. Now with George Britton and Betty Early. Martha Wright will take back her role from Miss Early on Monday, Aug. 10. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **wish you were here:** Life in a summer resort in the Catskills. With Sheila Bond, Jack Cassidy, Patricia Marand, Leo de Lyon, and Paul Valentine. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Jones Beach Theatre—Johann Strauss's operetta "A Night in Venice" done in the Michael Todd manner—viz., swimmers, acrobats, gondolas, floating pageants, and pyrotechnics. Jack Russell, Nola Fairbanks, and Thomas Hayward head the huge cast. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call CI 5-9220.)

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THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(A more or less arbitrary listing of summer theatres and their program schedules. Dates and billings are subject to frequent revision.)

Andover—Through Saturday, Aug. 8: "Annie Get Your Gun." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 10-15: Sally Forrest in "Three Stories High," a new play. (Grist Mill Playhouse, Andover, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Bar Harbor—Thursday and Friday, Aug. 6-7: Wayne Morris in "Mister Roberts." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 10-15: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." (Bar Harbor Playhouse, Bar Harbor, Maine. Evenings at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturday, Aug. 15, at 2:35.)

Chatham—Through Saturday, Aug. 8: "Tony Draws a Horse." Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 12-15: "Dark of the Moon." (Monomoy Theatre, Chatham, Mass. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Clinton—Through Saturday, Aug. 8: Hildegarde in "An Evening with Hildegarde." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 10-15: Van Heflin in "The Shrike." (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Cohasset—Through Saturday, Aug. 8: "Of Thee I Sing." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 10-15: "New Moon." (South Shore Music Circus, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Coonamessett—Through Saturday, Aug. 8: Alexis Smith and Victor Jory in "Bell, Book and Candle." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 10-15: Edward Everett Horton in "Nina." (Falmouth Playhouse, Coonamessett, Mass. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 5:30.)

Corning—Through Saturday, Aug. 8: "Affairs of State." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 10-15: "Bell, Book and Candle." (Corning Summer Theatre, Corning Glass Center, Corning, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dennis—Through Saturday, Aug. 8: Betty Field in "Second Fiddle," a new comedy by Mary Drayton. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 10-15: Miriam Hopkins in "Hay Fever." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

East Hampton—Through Saturday, Aug. 8: "The Man Who Had All the Luck." Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 13-15: "The Great Big Doorstep." (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays at 2:40.)

Fayetteville—Through Sunday, Aug. 9: Gene Lockhart in "On Borrowed Time." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 11-16: Dagmar in "Personal Appearance." (Country Playhouse, Fayetteville, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fishkill—Through Sunday, Aug. 9: "Peg o' My Heart." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 11-16: "Burlesque." (Cecilwood Theatre, Fishkill, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:35. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Fitchburg—Through Saturday, Aug. 8: "Mister Roberts." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 10-15: Zachary Scott in "The Moon Is Blue." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:20.)

Hyannis—Through Saturday, Aug. 8: Brenda Lewis in "Call Me Madam." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 10-15: "New Moon." (Cape Cod Music Circus, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly,

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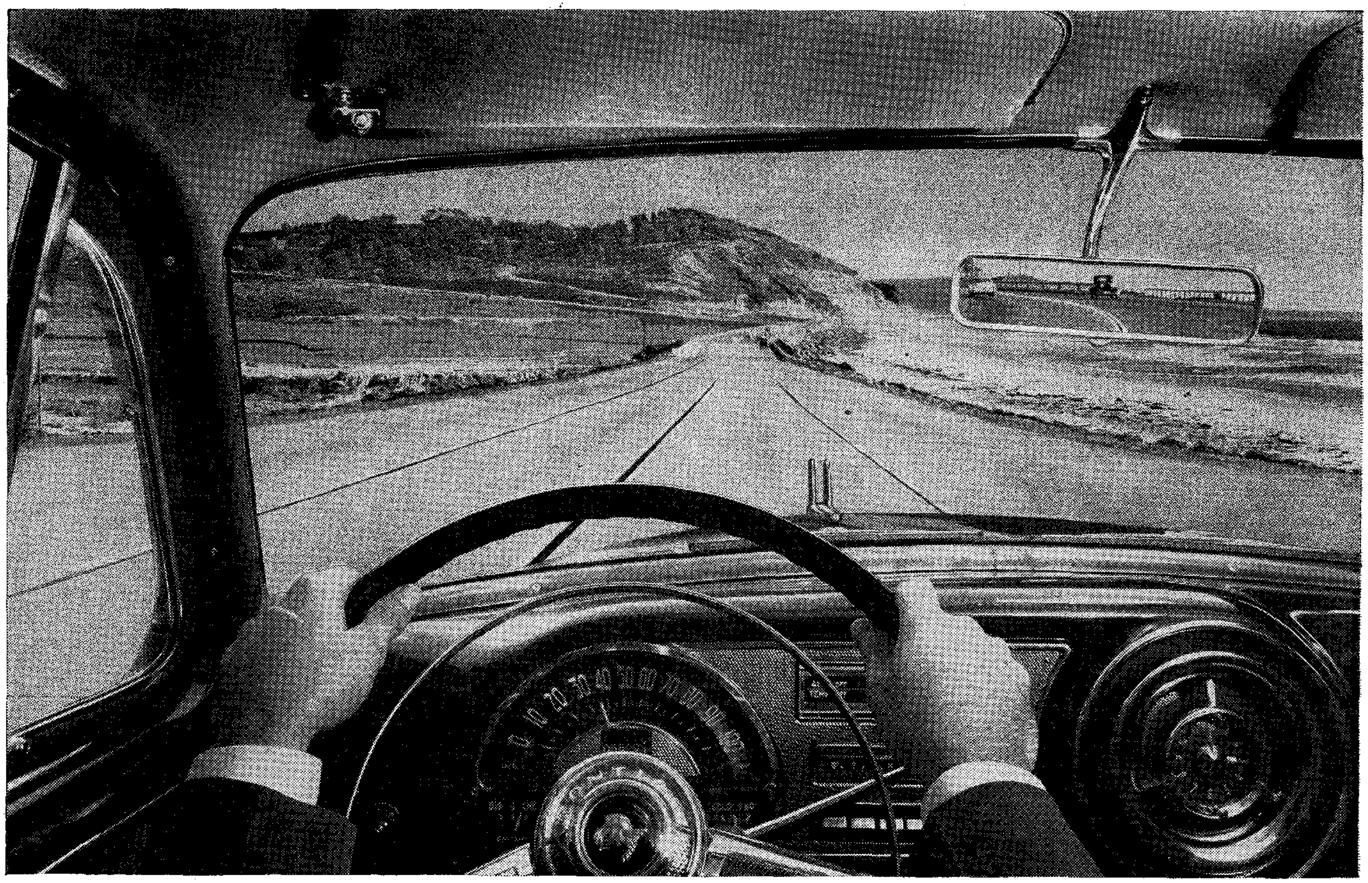

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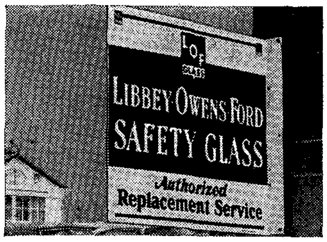

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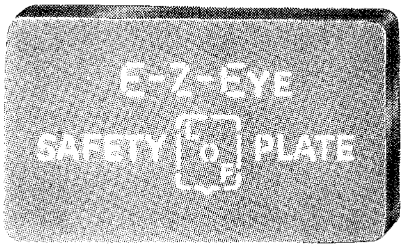

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ivoryton—Through Saturday, Aug. 8: Zachary Scott in "The Moon Is Blue." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 10-15: Ezio Pinza in "The Play's the Thing." (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Lambertville—Through Sunday, Aug. 9: "Show Boat." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 11-16: "Die Fledermaus." (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mahopac—Through Sunday, Aug. 9: "See You Tomorrow," a new comedy by Ned Armstrong. Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 11-16: "Midsummer." (Putnam County Playhouse, Mahopac, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40.)

Matunuck—Through Saturday, Aug. 8: Jackie Cooper in "The Moon Is Blue." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 10-15: "Annie Get Your Gun." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mountainhome—Through Saturday, Aug. 8: Claire Luce and Joseph Anthony in "Edwina Black." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 10-15: "Mister Roberts." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mount Kisco—Through Sunday, Aug. 9: "Bell, Book and Candle." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 11-16: "Detective Story." (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Moylan—Thursday, Aug. 6, at 8:30: "Too True to Be Good." Friday, Aug. 7, at 8:30: "A Phoenix Too Frequent." Saturday, Aug. 8, at 8:30: "Heartbreak House." Tuesday, Aug. 11, at 8:30: "The Rivals." Wednesday, Aug. 12, at 7:30: "Man and Superman." Thursday, Aug. 13, at 8:30: "Arms and the Man." Friday, Aug. 14, at 8:30: "Too True to Be Good." Saturday, Aug. 15, at 8:30: "The Great Gesture." (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa.)

New Hope—Through Saturday, Aug. 8: "The Glass Menagerie." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 10-15: "Meet the Wife." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Newport—Through Saturday, Aug. 8: Ezio Pinza in "The Play's the Thing." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 10-15: Cedric Hardwicke and Lili Darvas in "Island Visit." (Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Norwich—Through Saturday, Aug. 8: Evelyn Keyes in "I Am a Camera." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 10-15: Ethel Waters in "The Member of the Wedding." (Norwich Summer Theatre, Norwich, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ogunquit—Through Saturday, Aug. 8: Anthony Ross and Hiram Sherman in "The Frogs of Spring," a new comedy by Nathaniel Benchley. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 10-15: "One Thing After Another," a new revue. (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Pawling—Through Sunday, Aug. 9: "The Great Big Doorstep." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 11-16: "Gramercy Ghost." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Peterborough—Through Saturday, Aug. 8: "The Winslow Boy." Starting Wednesday, Aug. 12: "A Play for Mary." (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

Provincetown—Through Saturday, Aug. 8: "Dynamo." Starting Monday, Aug. 10: "Feathers in a Gale," a new play. (Provincetown Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

Saratoga Springs—Through Saturday, Aug. 8: Cedric Hardwicke and Lili Darvas in "Island Visit." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 10-15: "Call Me Madam." (Spa Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sea Cliff—Through Saturday, Aug. 8: Juanita Hall in "Cabin in the Sky." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 10-15: "Camino Real." (Sea Cliff Summer Theatre, Sea Cliff, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Skowhegan—Through Saturday, Aug. 8: "Affairs of State." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 10-15: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Smithtown Branch—Through Saturday, Aug. 8: "I Am a Camera." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 10-15: "Mister Roberts." (Old Town Theatre, Smithtown Branch, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40.)

Spring Lake—Through Saturday, Aug. 8: "Lo and Behold!" Monday through Saturday, Aug. 10-15: "The Moon Is Blue." (Ivy Tower Playhouse, Spring Lake, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Mondays at 2:30.)

Stockbridge—Through Saturday, Aug. 8: Fay Bainter and Romney Brent in "The Three-Toed Pony," a new play. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 10-15: "Affairs of State." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sturbridge—In an outdoor amphitheatre—Adelaide Bishop, Clifford Harvuot, Luigi Vellucci, and Joshua Wheeler in "The Devil and Daniel Webster," the music play by Stephen Vincent Benét and Douglas Moore. (Old Sturbridge Village, Sturbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Through Sunday, Aug. 30.)

Westhampton Beach—Monday through Wednesday, Aug. 10-12: "The Great Big Doorstep." (Westhampton Playhouse, Westhampton Beach, L.I. Mondays through Wednesdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Westport—Through Saturday, Aug. 8: Wally Cox in "Three Men on a Horse." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 10-15: Arlene Francis and John Baragrey in "The Road to Rome." (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Woodstock—Through Sunday, Aug. 9: "The Philanderer." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 11-16: "Accent on Youth." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40.)

Note—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival is presenting programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 8: The National Ballet Company of Canada. Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 11-15: La Meri, Ted Shawn, Jean Léon Destiné and his company, and others. (Lee, Mass. Tuesday and Wednesday at 9; Thursdays at 4; and Fridays and Saturdays at 4 and 9.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra strums away at dinner and supper, except Sundays, in the opulent Garden, which is well shaded, being a quarter of a mile beneath Park Avenue. Now and again, there's even concert piano.

Astor Roof, Broadway at 44th St. (JU 6-3000)—Perched above a mighty expanse of dance floor, Sammy Kaye's orchestra makes music for any number of small fry. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A fashionable photographer's studio, open evenings for the convenience of those who have to sleep during the day. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing. Closed Sundays.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—If you feel you've got to see an ice show, there's one here in the Terrace Room. It involves a minimum of plot and a maximum of long-legged lady skaters. Bernie Cummins' orchestra does the music. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Every night, in the Café Pierre, dancing from cocktails through supper to a small orchestra, which is usually Stanley Worth's.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Rendez-Vous Room now wears a new summer dress, but it's still basically the same sedate abode, filled with Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's tinkling dance music after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Dancing in the Grill to Lenny Herman's quintet and other music. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—An airy bower that makes one feel, in every sense, on top of the world. It vibrates gently to continuous dance music, which gives rise to some wild waltzing. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every afternoon and evening, Irving Conn's orchestra supplies the clientele of the Café Lounge with music to dance to.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—In the cocktail lounge, a quartet plays from cocktails through supper. There's dancing after nine. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—One of Hugo Pedell's cheery little orchestras and a rumba band play for dancing, even though the customers would rather just stare at each other. Closed Sundays.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—Dancing in an almost rural outdoors after eight on weekdays and after seven on Sundays if the weather is at all virtuous.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Some very funny people, notably Fay DeWitt, Georgie Kaye, and Lou Nelson, and some very beautiful ones, notably Margie Duncan, are mixed up in the local George White capsule musical comedy, which makes a lot of its points in words of one syllable. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioè's orchestra play for dancing after nine.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Andalusian romance, done sometimes with American name-band flummery and sometimes with a pure Castilian accent. The music and voices are the work of Los Chavales de España; the dances are done by Trini Reyes. The scene is the Starlight Roof, where Emil Coleman's band and Mischa Borr's boys reel out dance music for the guests. Sundays, there's no show, but Mr. Borr's band plays until twelve.

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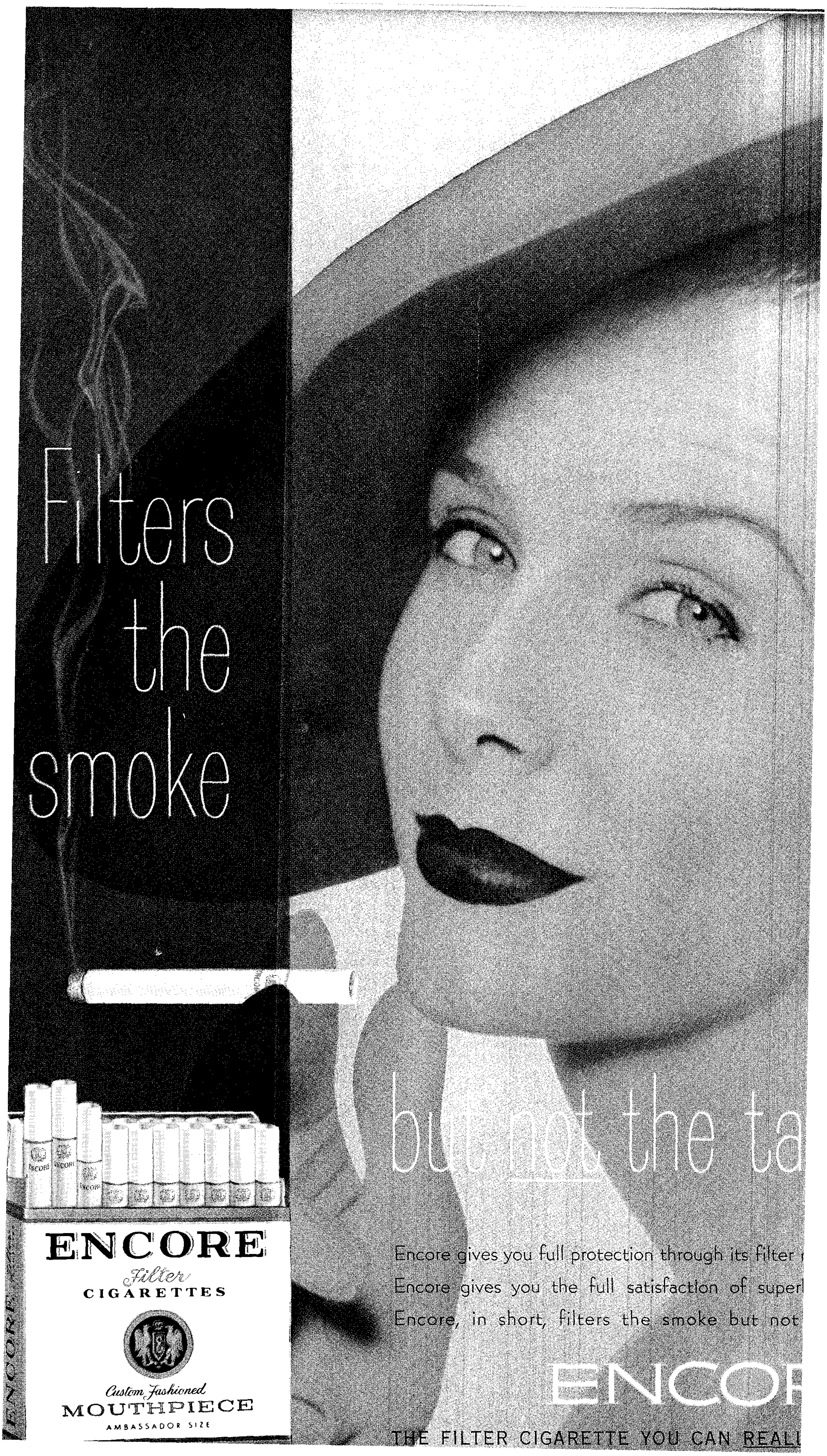
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SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, who dates back to the Magna Carta, is still rattling off his smooth, débutante-speed dance tunes after eight-thirty. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Life the way it looked (and especially sounded) when Al Capone, rather than Al Capp, was a national monument. Except Sundays, Johnny Mehegan plays truly cerebral piano at dinner and (alternating with Marshall Grant, another stout fellow) at supper. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): A piano and a violin discourse decorously after nine-thirty. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **CELESTE**, 28 W 56th St. (JU 6-9063)· Jim Mahoney begins his piano recital, which is perky without being obtrusive, around nine every night but Monday. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Surrounded by a certain subdued splendor, Addison Bailey caresses the piano during dinner and supper except Sundays, when John Kelley, Jr., looks in. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Latins from Manhattan and the old country mingled in a pleasant outburst of Spanish song and dance, in the latter of which the clients can join. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar of this decorator's *nuit blanche*, Herman Arminski turns out cocktail, dinner, and supper piano. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY**, 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Harmless fun on a campus where the boy and girl students all like to sing and play the piano. There are sofas and armchairs from which to watch these commencement exercises.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing, unless noted.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Betty Reilly, a bumptious extrovert, does the singing, and Al Bernie does the comedy, which suffers from almost total recall. The ladies of the chorus, though, suffer no pain of any sort. . . . **RIVIERA**, Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): This gatekeeper's lodge for the George Washington Bridge affords a Jerseyite's-eye view of the timeless Hudson and the topless towers of New Ilium, N.Y. On the giant stage are Harry Belafonté, the eminent glorifier of the American folk song; Marc Platt and Kathryn Lee, who dance better than most; and Joel Grey, a comedian about whom there really isn't much to be said. On Tuesday, Aug. 11, they'll all be swept away by a tidal wave capped by the Ames Brothers, who sing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): A fairly mad midsummer night's dream is cooked up by Orson Bean, Harvard '48, and understandably voted most likely to succeed; the Three Riffs, gentle spoofers of practically everything; and Ceil Cabot, the most enchanting new featherbrain of the year. The music, dulcet and happy, comes from the fluent throat of Felicia Sanders, a Hollywood moppet; the double piano of the celebrated Eadie and Rack; and the solo piano of Bart Howard. On Thursday, Aug. 13, Portia Nelson's cool, clear voice will replace Miss Sanders'. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Young hopefuls (Mildred Cook, a comedienne, and Robert Held, a singer) have the floor here. She's off Sunday, which is his last night, and her last night is Monday. On Tuesday, Aug. 11, two familiar spirits—Herb Corey, whose humor is seasoned with more than a grain of salt, and Annette Warren, a Hollywood skylark—will be returning to the roost. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville provide double piano. Ancient movies on Sundays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8319): Except Sundays, Mabel Mercer sings, in her sad, loving voice, her very special *chansons d'amour* for a very special audience. Sam Hamilton is at the piano. Her salon is upstairs over the febrile Show Spot Lounge. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): A community playhouse where everyone (including the waiters and the audience) gets into the act of everyone else before day breaks. Alice Ghostley and G. Wood sing sardonically, Jimmie Daniels sings sentimentally, Alberta Hunter sings loud and blue, and Tiger Haines (of the frantic instrumental trio called the Three Flames) sings existentially. There is also Oliver Wakefield, a remarkably disconnected after-dinner speaker. Garland Wilson and Norene Tate, of course, are at the two pianos. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open until late, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison and his hot-rod trumpet dominate the proceedings. Cutty Cutshall, Edmond Hall, Cliff Leeman, Dick Carey, and Mr. Condon provide him with glittering support. Tuesday nights, when other American primitives drop in, are especially rugged. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): George Shearing, one of the most original minds at work today on progressive piano, is heading his new quintet. He and the all-girl trio of Beryl Booker, another good pianist, begin around nine. Ronnie Selby's piano is on tap from six to nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's band, no stranger here, holds forth once again. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris's congregation, which involves Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, and Zutty Singleton, is putting out just about the best and most traditional jazz to be heard on this onetime street of dreams. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): There's an almost hypnotic rapport between audience and performer in this odd temple of outlandish arts. Slim Gaillard, Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, and Willis Jackson are the most prominent names. On Thursday, Aug. 13, Arnett Cobb's orchestra replaces Mr. Gaillard's gang, and Betty McLaurin, a songbird, replaces Mr. Davis. Mondays are jam-session nights. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT**, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): There's free-wheeling music in the echo-chamber grill Tuesdays through Saturdays until two or so, and Sundays from nine-thirty to eleven-thirty. Conrad Janis and his tailgaters are responsible. On Sunday, Aug. 9, from five-thirty to eight-thirty, there'll be a jam session in which Wingy Manone and pals will help out. Dancing. . . . **BANDBOX**, 1680 Broadway (CI 5-5970): A vast cave, where, amid millions of microphones, Earl Hines, one of the very best, and his followers cope valiantly with the room noises. The Dominoes, who sing, are there, too. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **JACK DEMPSEY'S**, 1619 Broadway (CO 5-7875): The music here is served in piping-hot Dixie style by George Wettling, Pee Wee Russell, and other bright birds of that feather. They are on hand after eleven every evening but Sunday. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Except Mondays, after nine-thirty, the ultramodern Douglas Duke trio zooms off into the wild blue yonder. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): On Friday and Saturday, Aug. 7-8, the uproar will probably be made by Wingy Manone, Oran Page, Red Allen, Eddie Barefield, Sonny Greer, Freddy Moore, Jimmy Archey, Benny Morton, and Willie the Lion Smith. Dancing.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY

(Places to dine while out motoring. Telephoning ahead is always wise; a few places insist on it. No dancing, unless noted.)

BANKSVILLE, N.Y.: La Crémaillère (Bedford Village 4-3306); closed Mondays. . . . **BETHPAGE, L.I.**: Beau Sejour (HIcksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays. . . . **CLOSTER, N.J.**: Closter Manor (Closter 5-9777); closed Mondays. . . . **CONGERS, N.Y.**: Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays. . . . **DANBURY, CONN.**: White Turkey Inn (Danbury 3-2726). . . . **EAST NORWICH, L.I.**: Rothmann's Inn (OYster Bay 6-0266). . . . **FISHKILL, N.Y.**: Boni's Inn (Beacon 9-7394). . . . ¶ Gertrude Hart's (Beacon 9-7384). . . . **GARRISON, N.Y.**: Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Tuesdays. . . . **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.**: Swan Club (ROslyn 3-0037); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **HARTSDALE, N.Y.**: Tordo's (WHite Plains 8-0597). . . . **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.**: Mori's (GReat Neck 2-3600); closed Tuesdays. . . . **NORWALK, CONN.**: Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588). . . . ¶ Stirrup-Cup (Norwalk 6-5044). . . . **PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.**: Nino's Continental (POrt Washington 7-1604); closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Riviera (POrt Washington 7-6500); dancing every evening except Monday. . . . **POUND RIDGE, N.Y.**: Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-9371); closed Mondays. . . . **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.**: Stonehenge (Ridgefield 6-6511); Peter Walters at the piano, except Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Ridgefield 6-7628). . . . **ROSLYN, L.I.**: Blue Spruce Inn (ROslyn 3-3300); closed Mondays. . . . **SMITHTOWN, L.I.**: Frank Friede's Riverside Inn (Smithtown 2-1016); closed Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Mont d'Or Inn (Smithtown 2-1997); closed Mondays. . . . **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.**: Round Hill (Huntington 1371); closed Mondays. . . . **SYOSSET, L.I.**: Villa Victor (SYosset 6-1706). . . . **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.**: Tappan Hill (TArrytown 4-3030); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **WESTBURY, L.I.**: Westbury Manor (WEstbury 7-2184). . . . **WESTPORT, CONN.**: Red Barn (Westport 2-6204).

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Landscapes of France—Oils and other works, chosen with a good eye for charm, by an array of artists that ranges from Claude Lorrain to the Impressionists; through Sept. 30. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:30.)

Group Shows—At the **A.C.A.**, 63 E. 57th St.: Philip Evergood, Gregorio Prestopino, Anton Refregier, and a score of others, each represented by one large oil, many of which are brand-new; through Aug. 12. . . . **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.: A minor survey of art in this country over the last hundred years, with canvases by Whistler, Eakins, Prendergast, and others, as well as by eighteen present-day artists; through Aug. 31. . . . **BORGENICHT**, 61 E. 57th St.: Milton Avery, Adja Yunkers, Calvin Alberts, and others of the gallery's group in a showing of water colors, oils, prints, and sculptures; through Aug. 31. . . . **HACKER**, 24 W. 58th St.: New abstractions by Roy Newell, and other oils by Charles Semser and Hugh Weiss; through

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sept. 7.... **HUGO,** 26 E. 55th St.: Recent water colors and drawings composed in a mixture of styles by about twenty artists, including Frederico Pallavicini, Richard De Menocal, and Anthony Gross; through Aug. 28.... **KNOEDLER,** 14 E. 57th St.: "A Fresh Breeze," "The Bass," "A Windy Day at Sconset," and other seasonal subjects interpreted by such Americans as George Bellows, William Chase, and George Inness; through Aug. 14.... **KRAUSHAAR,** 32 E. 57th St.: The varied fare here dates back to such realists as John Sloan and William Glackens, and also offers abstractions by John Heliker, James Penney, and others; through Aug. 7. ... **MIDTOWN,** 17 E. 57th St.: One or two oils, water colors, drawings, or sculptures apiece by William Thon, Paul Cadmus, Minna Harkavy, and around twenty other regular contributors; through Aug. 28.... **NATIONAL ARTS CLUB,** 15 Gramercy Park: The annual summer members' show, with over a hundred works in a variety of mediums; through Sept. 7. (Daily, noon to 6.) ... **BERTHA SCHAEFER,** 32 E. 57th St.: "Fact and Fantasy, 1953" is the name of this summer show, which has paintings by Peter Busa, William Halsey, A. H. Maurer, and eleven others; through Aug. 14.

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A selection from the Museum's collection of Winslow Homer's water colors on vacation subjects, plus an oil called "In the White Mountains;" through Sept. 7. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Hundreds of archeological items and art objects from Israeli collections, many of them only recently discovered in Palestine, in an exhibit that traces the history of Biblical countries from prehistoric times through the Byzantine period. Included are a seven-ton porphyry statue of a Roman emperor (circa 200 A.D.), a Neanderthal skull, and ancient manuscripts, implements, weapons, and pottery. (Through Oct. 12.) Also seventy-five paintings by Reuven Rubin, Moshe Mokady, and five other Israeli artists. (Through Sept. 7.) Both shows are travelling exhibitions presented by the American Fund for Israel Institutions.... ¶ An absorbing display of Rembrandt paintings, drawings, and prints, most of them from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 7. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Sculpture of the Twentieth Century," a handsome, informative loan show, documenting the development of modern sculpture since the turn of the century; through Sept. 7.... ¶ Mondrian, Klee, and Brancusi are among those represented in a showing of oils and sculptures that have been left to the Museum by Katherine S. Dreier; through Sept. 20. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The second in a series of airings of the Museum's permanent collection of modern Europeans, particularly valuable for the number of lesser-known early figures it brings to light; through Sept. 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

IN THE COUNTRY

EAST HAMPTON, L.I. Guild Hall: An invitation show, with Pollock, Ossorio, and Zogbaum among the guests; through Aug. 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Tuesday evenings, 7 to 10; Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings, 8:30 to 10.) ... **ESSEX, CONN.** Essex Art Association: Recent work by Josef Albers, as well as a group of prints by Boris Artzybasheff, Beatrice Cuming, Helen Clark Phillips, and other artist members; through Aug. 16. (Daily, 1 to 5, and Friday evenings until 9.) ... **MYSTIC, CONN.** Mystic Art Association: The last half of the yearly display here presents work, in a wide choice of mediums, by Y. E. Soderberg, O. E. Liebig, Garrett Price, and others; through Sept. 7. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2 to 5:30.) ... **OGUNQUIT, MAINE.** Ogunquit Art Association: Robert Laurent, Henry Strater, Edward Betts, William Zorach—around fifty artists in all—represented by oils, water colors, prints, and sculptures; through Sept. 7. (Weekdays, 10 to 12 and 1 to 5:30; Sundays, 2 to 6.) ... **PROVINCETOWN, MASS.** Kootz Gallery: Paintings by Adolf Gottlieb, plus a roomful of water colors, drawings, and pastels by Baziotes, Bultman, Dubuffet, and others who are regularly shown at the Kootz Gallery in New York; through Aug. 14. (Daily, 2 to 6.) ... **ROCKPORT, MASS.** Rockport Art Association: The second section of the Association's thirty-third annual, comprising paintings, graphics, and sculptures by over a hundred artists, among them Ted Kautzky, Jerri Ricci, Arnold Knauth, and Iver Rose; through Sept. 20. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 3 to 6.) ... **WOODSTOCK, N.Y.** Ganso Gallery: Four paintings by Walter Plate, plus a group of oils by, among others, Herman Cherry, Karl Fortess, and Reginald Wilson; through Aug. 23. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 11 to 3:30.)

MUSIC

SALMAGGI OPERA—"Aïda" is tentatively scheduled as the fourth in a series of Saturday-night performances. (Triborough Stadium, Randalls Island. Saturday, Aug. 8, at 8:45. For tickets, call LA 4-3900.)

GOLDMAN BAND—Edwin Franko Goldman conducting this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Central Park Mall. Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8:30; through Sunday, Aug. 16.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Final performances of the season by the Boston Symphony—Friday, Aug. 7, at 8:30: Charles Münch directing Berlioz's symphony "Romeo and Juliet," with Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano; Nicola Moscona, bass; and a chorus.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 8, at 8:30: Leonard Bernstein directing, with Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano, as well as other vocal soloists and a chorus.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 9, at 2:30: Charles Münch conducting, with Gregor Piatigorsky, cello.... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 13, at 6: The annual "Tanglewood on Parade" program, including performances by the various student departments, a lawn party, a concert by the Boston Symphony (conducted by Charles Münch and Leonard Bernstein, with Isaac Stern, violin; William Warfield, baritone; and Leontyne Price, soprano), door prizes, and waltzing on the lawn. For the benefit of the Berkshire Music Center.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 14, at 8:30: Charles Münch directing Brahms' Requiem, with Lois Marshall, soprano; William Warfield, baritone; and a chorus.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 15, at 8:30: Leonard Bernstein conducting; no soloists.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 16, at 2:30: Charles Münch conducting, with Seymour Lipkin, piano. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.)

NEWPORT MUSIC FESTIVAL—Remus Tzincoca conducting an orchestra composed of members of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony—Friday, Aug. 7: With Erica Morini, violin. ... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 8: With Robert Merrill, baritone, and with Virgil Thomson as guest conductor for two numbers.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 9: With Claudio Arrau, piano. (Salve Regina College, Newport, R.I. Evenings at 8:30. Tickets will be sold only for the whole series.)

NEW HAVEN POPS CONCERTS—Harry Berman conducting the New Haven Symphony Orchestra in an all-Gershwin program, with Lawrence Winters, baritone; Adele Addison, soprano; and Leo Rewinski, piano. The fifth in a series of six concerts. (Yale Bowl, New Haven. Tuesday, Aug. 11, at 8:15.)

MUSIC MOUNTAIN—The Berkshire Quartet in a series of chamber-music concerts. (Music

Mountain, Falls Village, Conn. Sundays at 4; through Sept. 6.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Detroit, Thursday, Aug. 6, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Friday through Sunday, Aug. 7-9, at 2. . . . **POLO GROUNDS:** Giants vs. Dodgers, Tuesday, Aug. 11, at 8:30; Wednesday, Aug. 12, at 1:30; and Thursday, Aug. 13, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Philadelphia, Friday, Aug. 14, at 8:30, and Saturday, Aug. 15, at 1:30 (doubleheader). . . . **EBBETS FIELD:** Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, Aug. 14, at 8, and Saturday, Aug. 15, at 1:30.

BOXING—Gil Turner vs. Ramon Fuentes, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Wednesday, Aug. 12. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

GOLF—John G. Anderson Memorial Invitation Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 6-9.) . . . ¶ Westchester County Golf Association Open Championship. (Knollwood Country Club, White Plains. Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 11-12.)

HORSE SHOW—Litchfield Horse Show. (Litchfield, Conn. Saturday, Aug. 8.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—**BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB,** Purchase. . . . **BOSTWICK FIELD,** Westbury.

RACING—**MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Monday, Aug. 10. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track Thursday, Friday, and Monday at 12:25, and Saturday at 11:55. A boat will leave Pier 81, W. 42nd St., each day at 11:15, and will be met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2, from Tuesday, Aug. 11, through Wednesday, Oct. 7. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track weekdays at 10:25.) . . . **SARATOGA SPRINGS:** Weekdays at 2:30; through Saturday, Aug. 29. The United States Hotel and the Whitney, Saturday, Aug. 8; the Test, Wednesday, Aug. 12; the Schuylerville, Friday, Aug. 14; and the Saratoga Special, Saturday, Aug. 15.

TENNIS—Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Through Sunday, Aug. 9.) . . . ¶ Men's Invitation Tournament. (Newport Casino Lawn Tennis Club, Newport, R.I. Monday through Sunday, Aug. 10-16.)

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8:25; through Saturday, Sept. 26. (Trains leave Penn Station for the track weekdays at 7:04; additional trains Fridays and Saturdays at 6:49.) . . . **GOOD TIME TRACK,** Goshen: Daily at 1:30, from Monday, Aug. 10, through Thursday, Aug. 13. The Hambletonian, Wednesday, Aug. 12. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Aug. 29.

YACHTING—Marblehead Race Week. (Marblehead, Mass. Saturday, Aug. 8, through Sunday, Aug. 16.) . . . ¶ Hyannis Yacht Club Regatta. (Hyannis, Mass. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 14-15.) . . . ¶ Newport Yacht Club Regatta. (Newport, R.I. Saturday, Aug. 15.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The General Assembly has been called back into session, starting Monday, Aug. 17. In the meantime, there will be periodic sessions of the Security Council and meetings of various commissions and committees to which the public will be admitted. (United Nations Permanent Headquarters, First Ave. at 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays. For tickets, call PL 4-1234, Ext. 634, the day before you want to go, or write to Admissions Office, United Nations, New York, ten days in advance.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours of the Headquarters, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building about every ten minutes, daily. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 22 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The summer show, "Destination Saturn," concerns a round trip, with a space-station stop, to two of Saturn's satellites, from which close observations of the planet are made. (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

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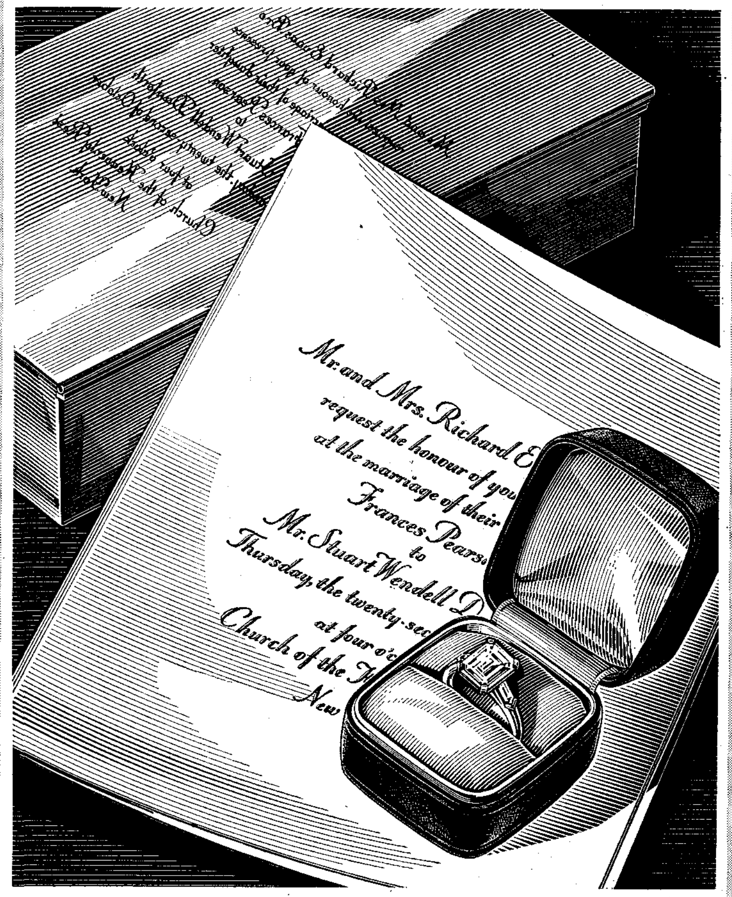

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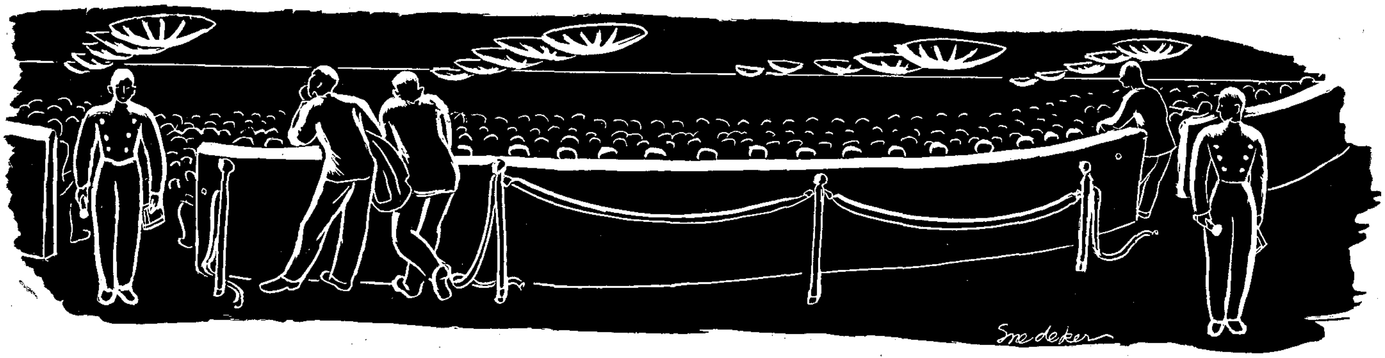

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

The Band Wagon—Some good old songs by Arthur Schwartz and Howard Dietz, and some lively new dances help make this new Astaire picture diverting. The Master is aided by Cyd Charisse, Jack Buchanan, and Nanette Fabray. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

Fanfan the Tulip—The France of Louis XV explained in terms of a burlesque drama in which the hero takes a page from the book of the late Douglas Fairbanks, and love and war are wryly appraised. With Gérard Philipe, Gina Lollobrigida, Noel Roquevert, and Marcel Herrand. (Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th, PL 5-6030; through Aug. 9.)

From Here to Eternity—An estimable adaptation of the James Jones novel about the way things were at Schofield Barracks in Honolulu before the Japanese descended on Pearl Harbor. The cast, which is uniformly capable, is headed by Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster, and Frank Sinatra. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

The Importance of Being Earnest—Wilde's magnificent farce nicely done by a British cast that includes Michael Redgrave, Joan Greenwood, Margaret Rutherford, and Edith Evans. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630.)

Julius Caesar—A collaboration between Joseph Mankiewicz and William Shakespeare, in which the former shows a commendable appreciation of the majesty of the latter's lines but too little appreciation of what the camera can do for his action. James Mason, John Gielgud, and Edmond O'Brien read the sonorities with skill. (Booth, 222 W. 45th, CI 6-5969. Showings at 2:45 and 8:45; extra performances Sundays at 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Moon Is Blue—F. Hugh Herbert's comedy about a girl from Brooklyn who talks too much about her virginity. Sporadically entertaining. Maggie McNamara, William Holden, David Niven, and Dawn Addams are in the cast. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

A Queen Is Crowned—A documentary that should, if you've seen a paper within the last year, hardly come as a surprise, but one that is done with extraordinary deftness. With an accompanying script by Christopher Fry, read by Sir Laurence Olivier. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Rome, 11 O'Clock—The melodramatic story of a number of young Italian girls who are plunged into tragedy when the stairway on which they have been standing while waiting to apply for a job collapses Written by Cesare Zavattini and directed by Giuseppe de Santis, this Italian picture is made up of a series of vignettes, most of them incisive. Among the young ladies are Carla Del Poggio, Lea Padovani, Lucia Bose, and Elena Varzi (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Shane—How the wicked cattle raisers try to keep the noble homesteaders from settling on their range Elementary, but with some excellent direction by George Stevens. Alan Ladd, Van Heflin, Jean Arthur, and Brandon de Wilde are on the side of the sodbusting angels. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Aug. 6. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Aug. 9.)

Two Cents Worth of Hope—A jolly Italian film that somehow finds a lot of laughter in the poverty-stricken environs of a small town not too far from Naples. Directed by Renato Castellani, the picture has a cast made up of amateurs, but their portrayals of typical Italian citizens should make most professionals sit up and take notice. Vincenzo Musolino and Maria Fiore are the featured players. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Aug. 12.)

REVIVALS

The Astonished Heart (1950)—Noel Coward on the perils of adultery. A British film, with Celia Johnson and the author. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; Aug. 9-10.)

The Browning Version (1951)—A portrayal of a pedagogue (Michael Redgrave) who finds both his scholastic and his domestic world coming down around his ears. An English film. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Aug. 8.)

Chaplin Comedies—"The Immigrant," "The Adventurer," "The Cure," and "Easy Street," all one-reelers from the silent past. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Aug. 9-11.)

Destry Rides Again (1939)—Marlene Dietrich's début in horse opera. With Una Merkel and James Stewart. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Aug. 12.)

The Eagle (1925)—That old curio with the celebrated romantic team of Rudolph Valentino and Vilma Banky. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Aug. 9-11.)

The Great Caruso (1951)—Mario Lanza as the mighty Enrico. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Aug. 7-8.)

The Great White Hunter (1947)—Based on Hemingway's "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber." With Gregory Peck, Joan Bennett, and Robert Preston. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Aug. 7-8.)

Major Barbara (1941)—The English screen version of Shaw's Salvation Army comedy. With Wendy Hiller. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

The Man in the White Suit (1952)—Alec Guinness as the inventor of a fabulous fabric. An English film, with Cecil Parker and Joan Greenwood. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Aug. 8.)

Pygmalion (1938)—More G.B.S. A British picture, with Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

The Rocking Horse Winner (1950)—Concerning a small boy who picks race-track winners while riding a rocking horse in his nursery. A British picture, with John Howard Davies, John Mills, and Valerie Hobson. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; Aug. 11-12.)

A Run for Your Money (1950)—Alec Guinness again, this time as a garden specialist involved with a pair of Welsh miners on the loose in London. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; Aug. 9-10.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Aug. 9, showings at 3: "The Student Prince" (1927), with Norma Shearer and Ramon Novarro. . . . ¶ Starting Aug. 10, showings at 3 and 5:30: "The Love Parade" (1929), with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Stalag 17," William Holden, Don Taylor.

Booth, 222 W. 45th. (CI 6-5969)
JULIUS CAESAR.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
FROM HERE TO ETERNITY.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Second Chance," a three-dimensional film, with Robert Mitchum and Linda Darnell.

Holiday, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-5530)
"Houdini," Tony Curtis, Janet Leigh.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through Aug. 12: "Scared Stiff," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
THE BAND WAGON.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"The Master of Ballantrae," Errol Flynn, Roger Livesey.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Dream Wife," Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," Jane Russell, Marilyn Monroe.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through Aug. 11: "The Stranger Wore a Gun," a three-dimensional film, with Randolph Scott and Claire Trevor.
From Aug. 12: "Latin Lovers," Lana Turner, Ricardo Montalban.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
THE MOON IS BLUE.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama," a demonstration of the new movie-projection technique. (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
ROME, 11 O'CLOCK (in Italian).

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LES PLUS BELLES LAVANDES
CRÉATION SPÉCIALE DE CARON
PARIS-FRANCE

POUR UN HOMME

A CONCENTRATE FOR MEN

BY

CARON

The above art work is a reproduction of a bas relief, the original of which is to be found in the Caron offices. It is entitled, "The Abduction of Flora by Mercury."

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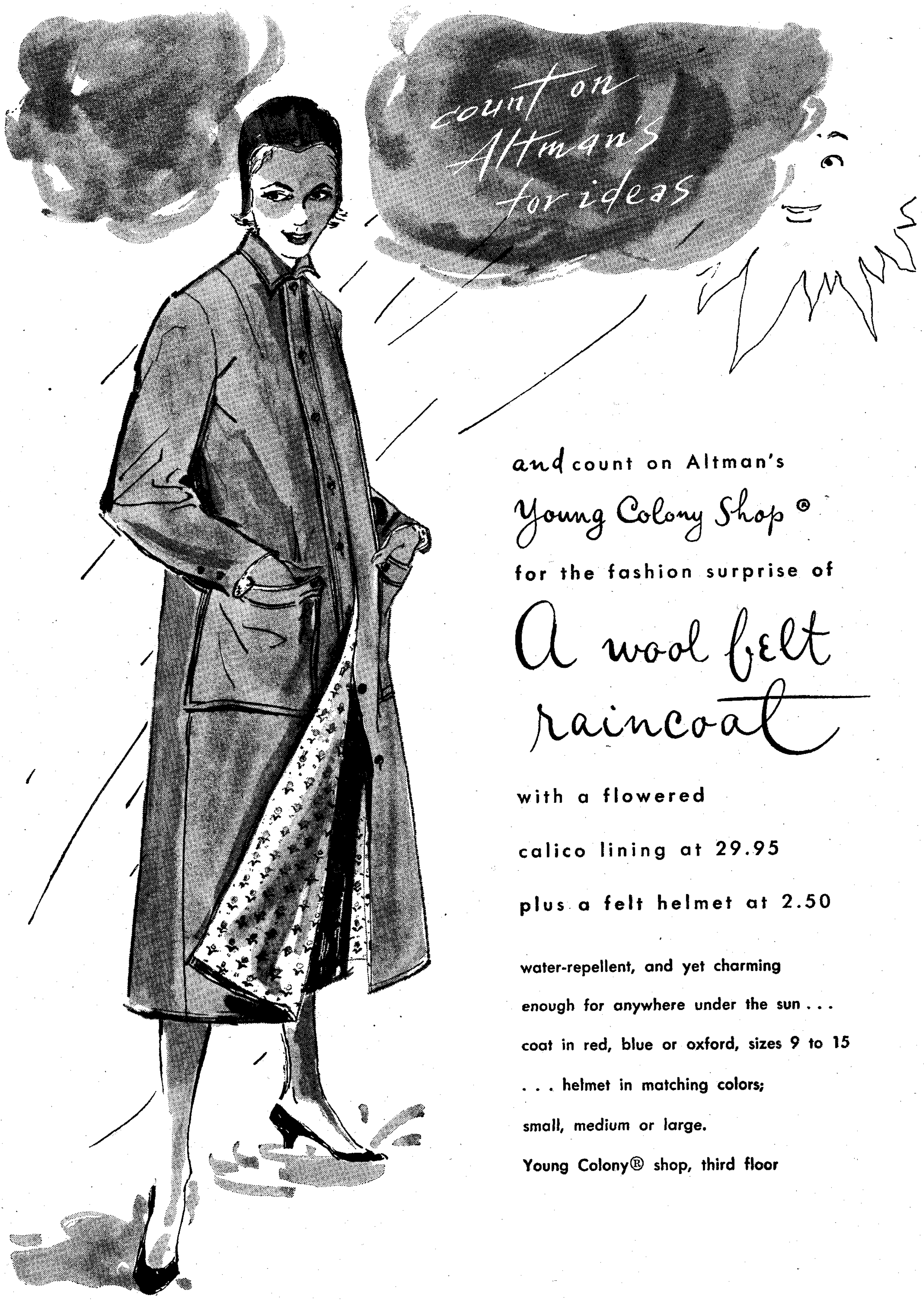
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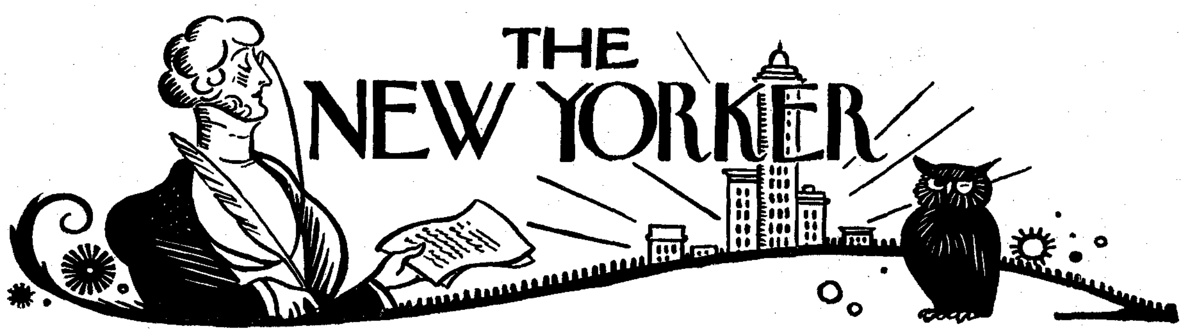
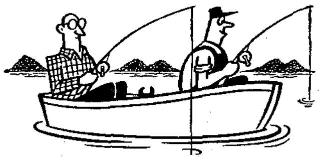


THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

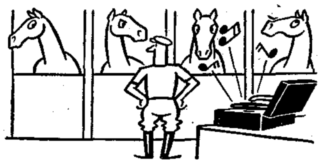
WE ran across the phrase "leisure class" the other day and it stopped us cold, so quaint did it sound, so fragrant with the spice of yesteryear. You used to read a good deal about the leisure class, but something seems to have happened to it. One thing that may have happened to it is that too many people joined it and the point went out of it. In the big cities, everybody quits work now on Friday, climbs into a car, and beats it. That much is sure. Where these elusive people go we aren't quite sure, but they do go away, and presumably on the wings of leisure. A switchboard operator disappears from the switchboard on a Friday, and the next time you see her a lot of water has gone over the dam and she is unrecognizable because of leisure and exposure to the sun, which serves all classes equally. If your refrigerator quits making ice cubes on a Saturday afternoon (as ours did recently) or if you lose a gall bladder on Times Square after the Saturday-evening show, you might just as well walk over to the river, tie a rock to your foot, and jump in. Your repairman and your doctor are in the Catskills, probably fishing from the same boat. The few glimpses we have had lately of highways, beaches, and mountain-house porches have not been reassuring; these are the classic habitats of the leisure class, but the scenes have been confused and incredibly scrambled, like an infield during a bunt. Leisure used to have a direct relationship to wealth, but even that seems to have changed. A lot of people who are independently wealthy cannot properly claim to belong to the leisure class any more: they are too nerved up to be leisurely and too heavily taxed to be completely relieved of the vulgar burden of finding a livelihood. They, too, swarm out of town on Friday, along with their switchboard operator, and they show up again a few days later, burned and exhausted, ready for another short, feverish period of steady gain, at desk, at dictaphone, at wit's end.



Smooth Ride

OSMOND F. RIVERS, chief designer for Hooper & Co., the London coachbuilders, was here recently giving an advance showing of the 1954 Rolls-Royce touring limousine with body by Hooper, and we met him, by appointment, at the East Sixty-fourth Street office and showroom of J. S. Inskip, Inc., for a look at the car, which he designed, and a talk about the State Coach of England, which was restored and modernized for the Coronation under his direction. (Various and mutable are the duties of royal coachbuilders!) The car is black and silver, has racier lines than Rolls-Royces used to have, features a bar, equipped with specially designed glasses, that is built into the back of its front seat, and will sell for eighteen thousand dollars or so. Mr. Rivers, a short, bushy-browed, twinkling man, who told us that he had worked his way up from a Hooper drawing board, reacted to our first questions about the Coronation with caution. "My firm has held the royal carriage-building warrant for a hundred and twenty years," he advised us, "and if I say anything that smacks of advertising, upon my return I shall be sent straight to the Tower." He then led us to an Inskip sofa and said that major work had been done on the State Coach only once between 1761, when it was built, and the present. "That was fifty-two years ago, when it was reupholstered in crimson satin," he said. "At the same time, we put on some special checkstraps, because Queen Victoria had complained of the oscillation. She was quite right, too. It used to ride like a coal cart."

Mr. Rivers explained that the problem facing Hooper & Co. when the State Coach was turned over to them last year was fourfold: the wheels were no longer round, rubber tires were needed for comfort, a better braking system was required to keep the coach from running away as it descended hills like the Haymarket, and the wooden side panels had to be replaced. The whole job took nine months, and most of the work was done in the Royal Mews, where the coach is normally stabled. The wheels were rounded, inch-thick solid-rubber tires were attached to the old iron ones with the same sort of cement that holds the De Havilland Comet jet plane together, cast-iron brake shoes were installed, and a Hooper man named Fred Baines spent months removing and replacing the panels. Meanwhile, Mr. Birkett, the royal carriage overseer, was busy training the horses, also within the Mews, by playing phonograph records of bands and crowd noises. "It got a bit deafening at times," Mr. Rivers told us. We inquired whether he had had any consultations with the Queen about the coach, and he replied that he had indeed. "I had the honor of being presented to her when she came down to the Mews to inspect the work. She tried out and approved the appointments we'd arranged, such as the armrest to assist her in carrying the orb—heavy thing, the orb—and she made one very practical suggestion. We'd been restrained in our application of interior lighting, and she suggested five fluorescent tubes instead of two. Our reasoning had been that you



don't deliberately shine lights in somebody's eyes, but the Queen felt that the people should be able to see the Royal Family on Coronation Day. The photographs proved that her idea was sound."

Mr. Rivers whipped out a photograph of the State Coach, and we admired it. "Well, as the big day approached," he went on, "we had a small dry run in the Mews. That time, the Duke of Edinburgh and the children came along with the Queen. The children were very much interested in the horses. The Royal Family have always taken a deep personal interest in cars and carriages, and they continue to do so. We had designed the changes in the coach for a speed of five and four-tenths miles per hour, and the actual speed of the procession was to be only three, but despite that, and despite all our preparations, our hearts beat faster on Coronation morning. Will the brakes hold? Will the ride be smooth? Will the horses behave? What will happen when the coach goes down the Haymarket? Such were the torturing questions. As you know, all went well, and I have letters from members of the Royal Family complimenting us on a smooth ride."

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LATIN-AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE: The price of a steak dinner at the Spiros Restaurant, Guadalajara, Mexico, has gone up from thirty-three to thirty-six cents.

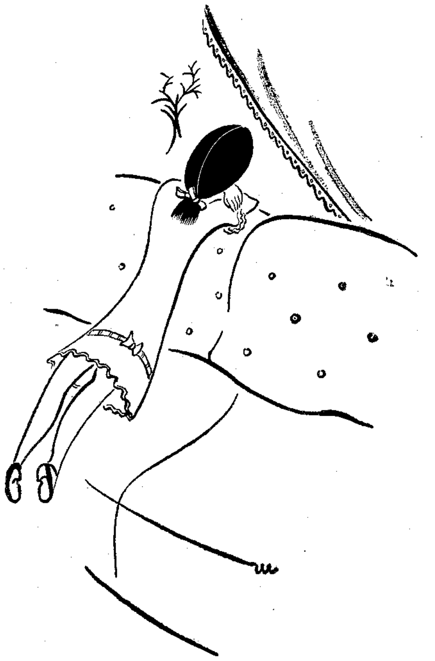
Once-Over

AT the Museum of Modern Art the other afternoon, a matronly-looking lady got on the elevator and asked to be let off at the penthouse. The elevator boy asked to see her membership card and, when she told him she was not a member, politely informed her that the penthouse was reserved for members only. She anxiously requested that he allow her to "just look at it." He politely refused again. "It's most important, young man," she said. "You see, my daughter tells me she comes here frequently, and you know what people say about penthouses. I merely want to see if it's a proper place for a young girl." He relented and whisked her up, and she came down a few minutes later looking relieved.

Still Booming

AFTER sampling the crowd outside the Forty-ninth Street window of the television program "Today," our Rockefeller Center enthusiast returned to his favorite haunt, and what was the subject of his research this time but the good old guided tour. Well, since 1933, when it was inaugurated, 8,126,579 people have taken it, or had at the time our man was there. The tour people used to think that eventually the tour would exhaust itself; now that they find it still booming after twenty years, they incline to the view that it never will, since, according to the Malthusian theory, population increases geometrically and tours increase arithmetically. The biggest year for the tour was 1944—586,537 people—and the biggest day was October 27, 1945, when 6,458 took it, to celebrate Navy Day, or the end of the war, or some event of their own. The year least likely to be forgotten by guides and executives was 1950, when the National Boy Scout Jamboree was held at Valley Forge and seventeen thousand Scouts took the tour in three hair-raising days.

Our man learned all this from Maria Lombard, supervisor of guides and panjandrum of the tour, in her office, behind an inconspicuous gray door just off the concourse of the R.C.A. Building and not far from the Tour Lounge. Miss Lombard, a vivacious black-haired lady approximately five feet tall, also supplied our man with a mess of lore about the guides and their problems, as follows: Until 1941, all the guides were men, mostly aspiring young artists and writers making ends meet. Among the men who worked as guides at one time or another were Gregory Peck, Larry Parks, and Thomas Merton, and those celebrated alumni names are still whispered reverently in the guide-training course. Many other male ex-guides have become noted lawyers, doctors, or professors. During the war, girl guides were introduced, for reasons of expediency; they proved to be so much friendlier and less abrupt with their charges than the young artists and writers that it was decided in 1945 to hire nothing but women. The present guides are largely college girls on vacation, or recent college graduates; most of them want to be actresses or teachers. Guides are never kept on the job much more than two years, Miss Lombard's theory being that after that their spiel gets too automatic.

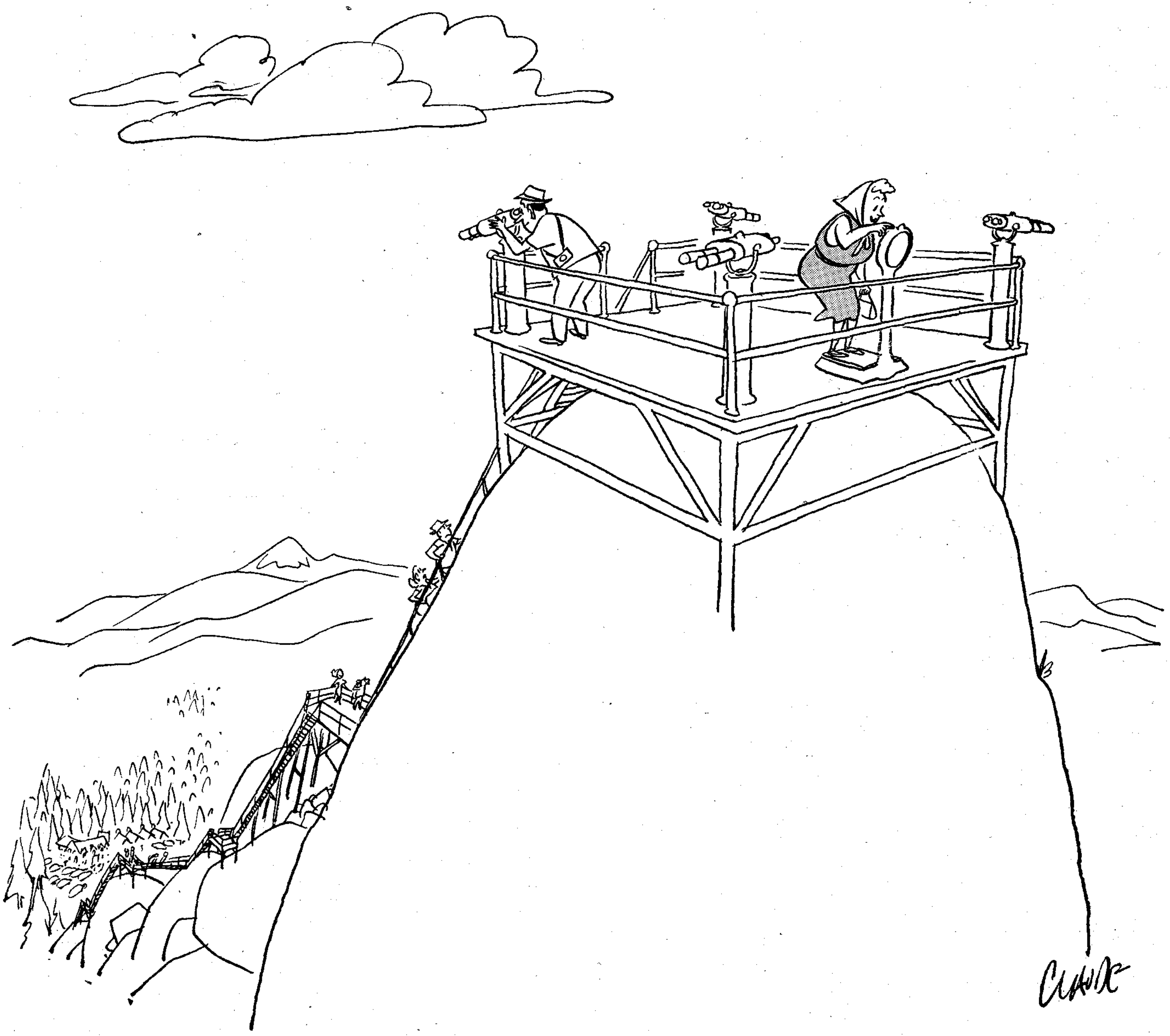


The commonest question guides are asked is "How many trips do you make a day?" (Four or five.) The sight arousing the most interest is the Sert ceiling painting in the lobby of the R.C.A. Building. There are three slightly different routes, so that groups will not bump into each other, and the tourist takes potluck. On crowded days, customers sometimes become separated from their groups; such strays are said to have "peeled off."

With all this information under his belt, our Rockefeller Center fan thanked Miss Lombard, hied himself to the Tour Lounge, and took the tour under the guidance of a breezy, bronzed college girl named Gale Ward. He found that the tour hasn't changed materially over the years. One still learns that the R.C.A. Building elevators are the world's fastest, that two of the Music Hall's chandeliers are among the world's largest, and that one's tourmates come from every corner of the nation. "How many trips do you make a day?" a man asked Miss Ward in La Maison Française. "Four or five," she replied. The tour proceeded through the sub-basement of the vast complex, on to the International Building, then to the R.C.A. lobby, and, finally, in the usual breath-taking thirty-seven seconds, to the top of the R.C.A. Building, where it ends. When our man had had his fill of skyline and reëntered the elevator to go down, he found that each of the tour customers, himself included, inadvertently asked the operator, "Down?" He inquired what percentage of riders do this. "Ninety-nine," replied the operator.

Barter

A LOCAL man with a round of appointments in the Pentagon Building got through several of them and, about three in the afternoon, bushed and with half an hour to spare



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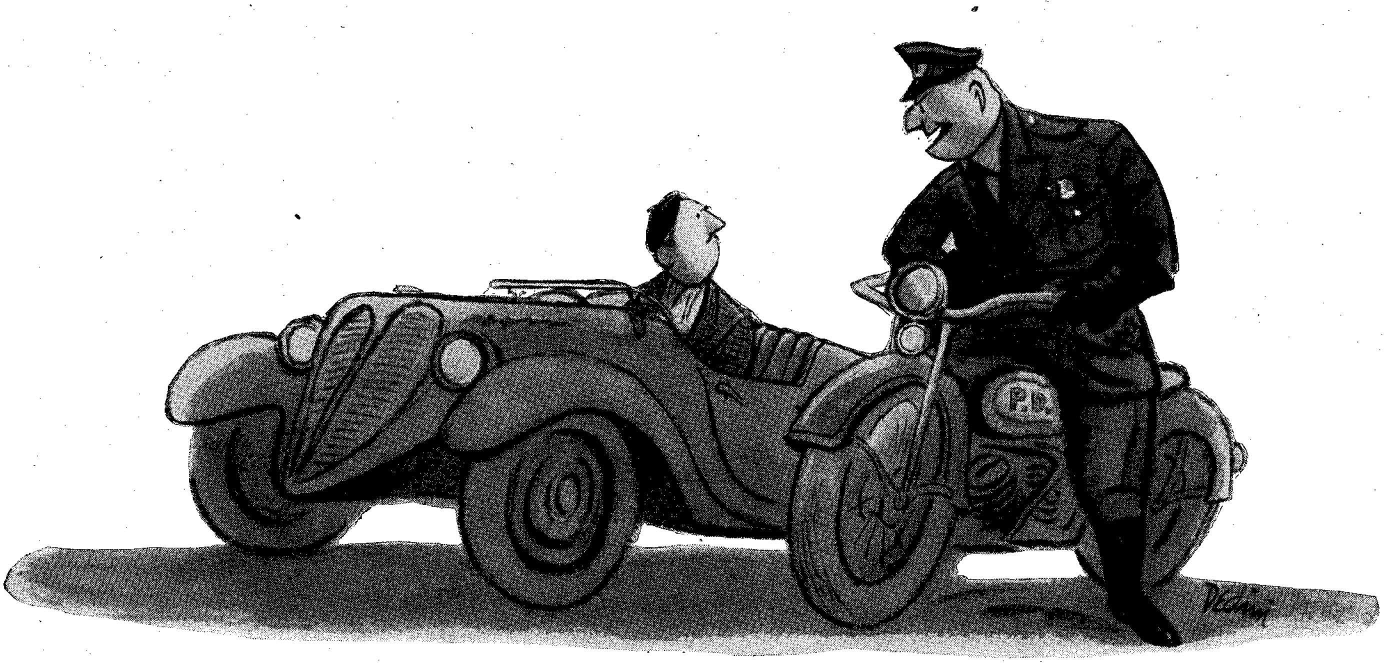
before his next interview, was wandering about the interminable, benchless hallways looking for a place to rest. Presently, coming upon a blood bank going full tilt, he went in and offered a pint of blood in return for thirty minutes' sleep. The deal was made, and his arm was pinked as he stretched out on a cot. Half an hour later, refreshed and happy, he strode to his next engagement.

Bronx Dancers

ONE of the mightiest collections of birds of paradise ever brought to this country—seventy-six in all—arrived here last month in the custody of George Scott, head bird keeper at the Bronx Zoo, who went to New Guinea to fetch them. The gift of Sir Edward J. L. Hallstrom, a big Australian refrigerator man and aviculturist, they have been divided equally between the New York, Chicago, St. Louis, and San Diego zoos. We called on the local additions, which have more than quintupled this city's bird-of-paradise population, and found them in excellent color—oranges, golds, purples, reds, and emeralds. Mr. Scott, who was in good color, too (ruddy), told us he had picked them up in Nondugl, in the highlands of western New Guinea, where natives were tending them in aviaries under the supervision of an Australian naturalist. "They were being fed papaya and insects—crickets, grasshoppers, praying mantes, and spiders—which the natives call *binatang*," he said. "The natives kept bringing these in all day long in plugged bamboo shoots. I paid them in beads, rice, salt, and sheets of old newspapers—they use them for making cigarettes." Mr. Scott went on to say that the natives speak a kind of pidgin English. "Laplap" is cloth; "grass" is grass, hair, or trees; every bird is a "pigeon" and every woman is a "Mary." A little bird is a "liklik pigeon," a girl is a "liklik Mary," a little girl is a "pickaninny Mary," a boy is a "pickaninny man."

Scott, who travelled by air, was in charge of eighty cages—he dropped four birds off at the Honolulu zoo on the way back—and, having no *binatang* with him, substituted for those delicacies biscuit meal and ants' eggs. His birds took happily to the switch, and he didn't lose a one on the whole trip. He has since switched the New York birds entirely to artificial food, without mortality or even indigestion. We asked him whether he enjoyed the voyage, and he bent a professional gaze on us. "I was rather *busy*," he said. "Eighty cages to be disinfected, a hundred and sixty feedbins, eighty birds to be fed three times a



"Où est le feu?"

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day. I did have a nice talk with Sir Edward in Sydney. He has the best collection of birds of paradise in the world—a hundred and twenty-nine in the Taronga Park Zoo, of which he is president, and I don't know *how* many in his home. And I had a pleasant stay in Brisbane with Dave Fleay, who brought us our three platypuses in 1947. He has a tame platypus called Teddy. I brought in a couple of pairs of cuscuses, by the way, which I picked up on a stop-over at Manus Island, one of the Admiralties. They're rare possums—the first ones we've had here."

Mr. Scott led us from his office, where we had been indulging in this ornithological and marsupial chat, into the birdhouse proper. There we admired, among various newcomers never before seen in the Bronx (or any of the other boroughs), Mayr's Gorgeted Bird of Paradise, Blood's Long-Tailed Bird of Paradise, Finsch's Bird of Paradise, Count Salvadori's Bird of Paradise, the King Bird of Paradise, and the Ribbon-Tailed B. of P. "They don't mature until they're five, and these are mostly under five," Scott said. "Immature males and females look alike, so it's hard to say what sexes most of these are. The Ribbon-Tail, which I know is a male, will have pure white silky tail feathers eighteen inches long and tipped with black. The only other one in town is a mounted one that Sir Edward gave the Museum of Natural History. The New Guinea natives are allowed to get all the birds they want—some of them wear a dozen plumes of specimens of the utmost rarity—but no white man may take a bird out unless he has a special export permit. The natives catch birds of paradise in orchid-fibre snares while the birds are dancing; they generally dance in trees, but the Golden-Crowned Six-Plumed Bird of Paradise dances on the ground."

"Will they dance here?" we asked.

Mr. Scott looked at us as though we were a pickaninny man. "Why, some of them have begun to dance already," he said.

Wrong

A MAN of affairs dialled a number to make a lunch engagement and, while waiting for an answer, became so engrossed in a newspaper at his elbow that by the time a feminine voice said "Hello" he had forgotten whom he was calling. "Who is this?" he asked.

"Who is it you want to talk to?" the voice's owner replied.

"I'm sorry, but I can't remember," he said, after a pause.

"Then you have the wrong number," she said, after no pause at all, and hung up.

Gold

A COUPLE of weeks ago, we told about the tearing down of the building on Wall Street that formerly housed the United States Assay Office. Since then, we've been allowed to inspect the present Assay Office building, a five-story agglomeration of gray stone that was put up in 1932, on the northwest corner of South Street and Old Slip, and is as hot, cool, noisy, tranquil, bustling, idle, austere, and friendly a place as we've encountered. On the morning of our visit, the air of Old Slip was delicious with the mixed smells of roasting coffee, softening asphalt, and the nearby sea. The sun was bright, the entrance to the Assay Office forbidding, and with some uneasiness we marched up the steps and whispered to three guards in succession, all armed and all bigger than life-size, that we had an appointment to be shown around. We *really* did, we added, holding up empty hands. Oh, we might have heard that the Assay Office had between two and ten billion dollars in gold and silver stored in its vaults, but not a penny of it would end in our pockets. The guards let us pass, and a moment or so later, in a lofty room that bristled with locks and electric alarms, a member of the administrative staff was explaining to us that the Assay Office is a branch of the Mint; that it buys, assays, refines, and stores gold and silver; that, for a fee, it assays and refines these metals for private concerns; and that it sells gold to authorized persons, for the manufacture of jewelry, dental supplies, and the like, and for artistic purposes.

Individuals, the Assay man said, are free to bring in articles of old gold for sale to the government. The least amount of gold the Assay Office will buy is one fine troy ounce, which is worth thirty-five dollars and is about as much gold as can be refined out of four or five wedding rings. The smallest amount of gold the Assay Office will sell is twenty-five fine troy ounces. (Just that morning, the Assay man said, a manufacturer of wedding rings had driven down to Old Slip in his Cadillac and picked up thirty-five thousand dollars' worth of gold.) There's an Assay Office in Seattle, which, like the Mints in San Francisco and Denver, receives considerable new gold; the local office gets most of its gold in the form of industrial scrap or bullion, the latter coming from banks and corporations that have taken it in payment from abroad. The local office has a hundred and sixty employees; they are not permitted to leave the building during the day. The workers who handle the gold and silver take showers at quitting time and their work clothes are washed on the premises. All waste water is trapped, and minute particles of gold and silver are recovered by an automatic process. Had we any questions? How much, we asked, would a million dollars in gold weigh? About a ton, said the man. Any other questions? We shook our head. A ton! Then, said the man, would we like to look about a bit? We said we would.

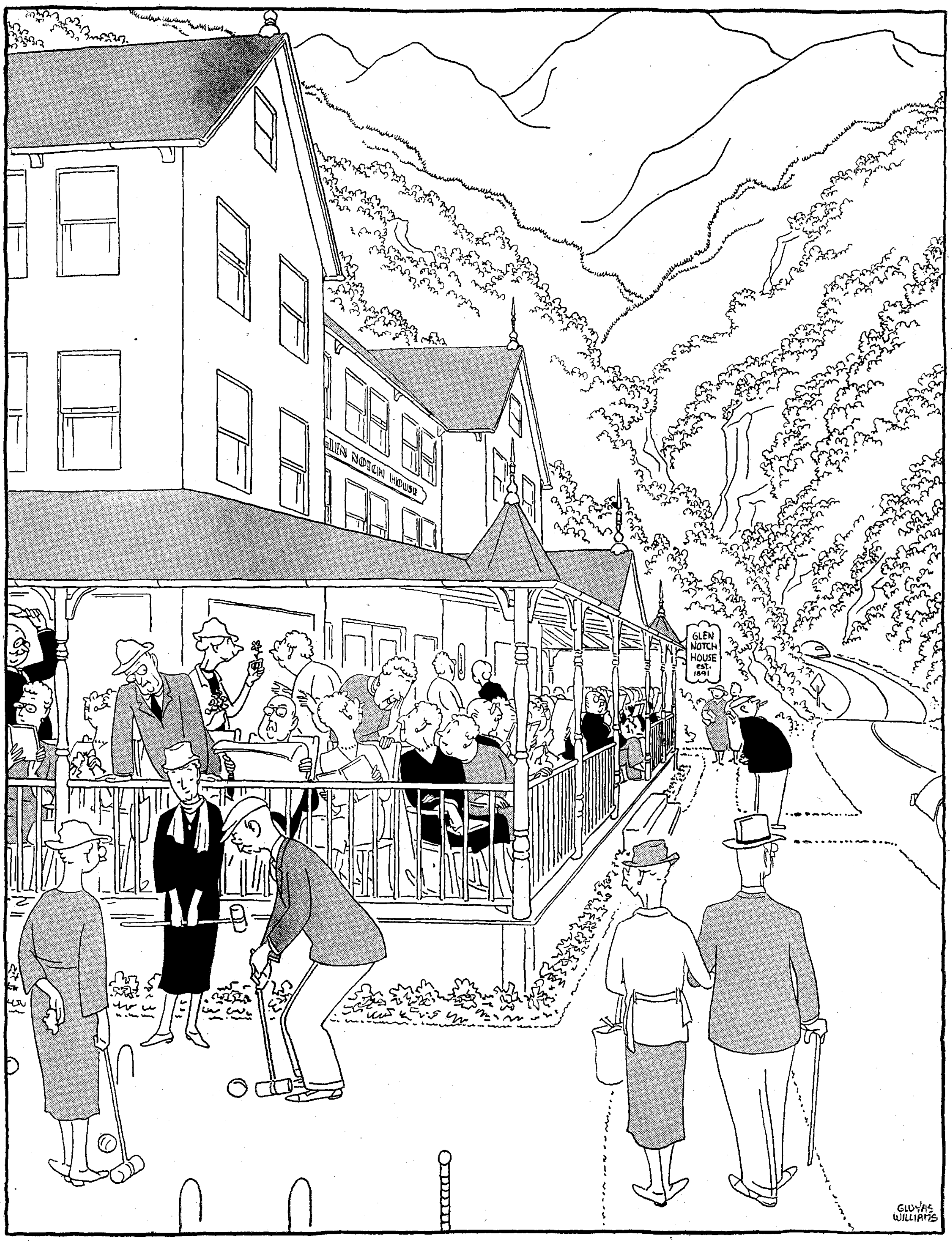
First, he showed us the grim-appearing barred room where gold is handed in and weighed roughly, to the nearest hundredth of a troy ounce. A number of small metal boxes were resting on a hand truck. On being unlocked, they proved to be full of coarse brown sand. Industrial waste, said the man, and guessed that it would assay fifty per cent fine gold. Other boxes held old articles of jewelry, from jewelry firms uptown. On one gold medallion we read, "To ——, for his tireless efforts in behalf of the 1930 ball." On a battered locket was the inscription "With the love of your people, Columbus, Georgia, 1896." Next, we were led into the immense, dark, high-ceilinged room where silver and gold are melted into bars. On one side of the room, a stream of silver was being poured into molds; tiny jets of flaming charcoal leaped from the silver as it took shape. On the other side of the room, gold was being melted in open crucibles, preparatory to being poured into bars. The temperature of the gold, said the Assay man, was about twenty-one hundred degrees. We looked into the crucibles, and it was like looking into the sun.

Our guide led us up through the building—cool and still in the air-conditioned room where samples of gold and silver bars are weighed in balances accurate to within a fraction of a milligram, hot and sticky in the room where, by methods that have hardly altered in a thousand years, the assay furnaces burn their samples, acrid in the rooms where, in great porcelain tubs, the metals are refined by chemicals and electrolysis—and at last back to the ground floor and into the office where the gold is sold. In a big vault at the back of the room were stacked, in wooden boxes row on row, hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of gold and silver bars. Below us, we knew (though we weren't allowed to visit them), were vaults going down and down into bedrock and containing no telling how many tons of gold. "The color of canaries," the Assay man said, and placed a bar of fine gold on our palm. "Eight thousand dollars is what that little bar is worth." We handed it right straight back and said we'd better be going.

Fantasy

A YOUNG Peekskill matron, whose imaginative five-year-old son keeps her posted on the tigers he has seen on the front porch and the Indians and cowboys he has run into in the yard, was awakened the other night by the lad, who stood beside her bed and announced that a herd of wild horses was coming down the road. Scarcely had she told him, gently, to go back to bed when she heard what *did* sound like the approaching clatter of horses' hoofs. She rushed to the window of her son's room, which faces the road in front of the house, and, in amazement, watched a shadowy group of horses, riderless and saddleless, thunder past. She woke her husband, a sound sleeper, and he told her, gently, to go back to bed. This she did, but she didn't sleep. Fearing for her sanity, she called the police station next morning, and learned, with relief, that she had indeed seen horses on the loose—a herd of forty that had escaped during the night from a nearby dude ranch. She now, from time to time, scans the porch for a tiger.

47
B Wiseman


GLEN NOTCH HOUSE
GLEN NOTCH HOUSE est. 1891
GLUYAS WILLIAMS

AMERICA'S PLAYGROUNDS

Summer Hotel, White Mountains

THE BRIDE

AT seven o'clock on the evening before her wedding day, Margaret Casey finished her packing, locked her suitcase, and sat down on the edge of her bed to catch her breath. Her room was on the top floor of the house in Scarsdale where she had worked as a maid for ten years. She was alone in the house. The phone was shut off, the refrigerator was disconnected, the windows all were locked, and all the beds, except hers, stripped for the summer. The family had early that morning driven off to their cottage in the Berkshires, where they would remain until October. Margaret had dreaded the moment of their departure, fearing her own tears, which fell easily, but at the last minute she smiled brilliantly, and waved, and saw the car disappear out onto the road calmly enough, although for a moment there she felt she must cry after them to come back, come back, if only for an hour, and not leave her by herself at a time like this.

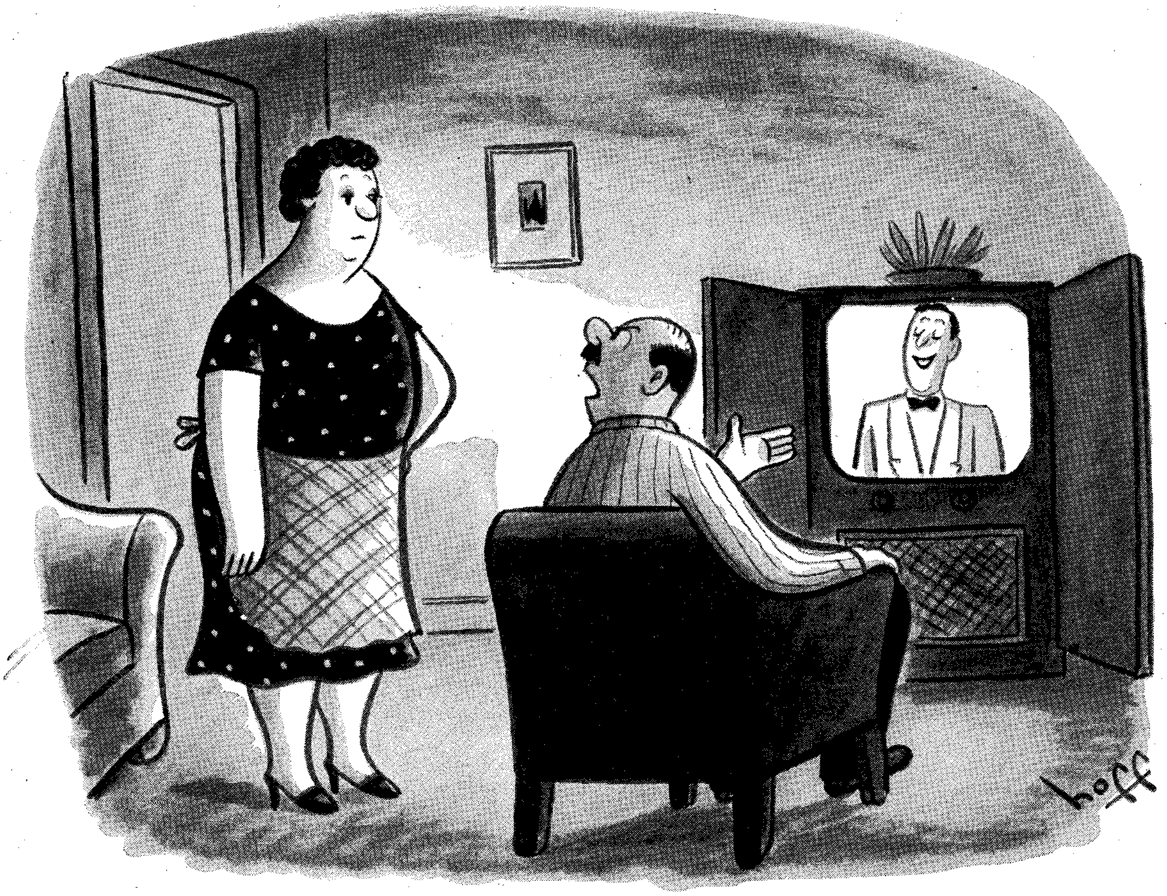
Of course, it was her own idea in the first place to get married the day after they left for the summer. Summer had seemed a comfortable, indefinite time away the night last February that she had given in to Carl's persistence and given him her promise. She liked Carl, but she wasn't much inclined to marry him. All that night, she lay awake in a panic, thinking of ways to break with him. It would be heartless to tell him straight out that she had no use for him. Crafty, she decided to do one thing at a time. First she would give Mrs. Smith her notice, and then she would just steal away to another town and find a new job and not let Carl know anything about it. But when she went in, when they were having breakfast, and gave her notice, the sight of Mrs. Smith's stricken face was too much for her, and to ease her guilt she blurted out that she was going to marry Carl, and settle down, and stop working, and have a home of her own. Mr. and Mrs. Smith were astonished and delighted at her good fortune, and their pleasure made her so generous that she embroidered the case a little, describing the house (not yet built) that Carl hoped to buy, and telling about his plan to go into business with his brother someday, not right away. Mrs. Smith said she hoped Margaret would let her give a little wedding breakfast here in the house after the ceremony, but Margaret quickly said no, that her plans were made to be married the day after they left for the summer. After some argument, Mrs. Smith gave in to her, and laughed, and said that after all Margaret was the bride and it was only right she should have things her way. Back in the kitchen, Margaret sat as astonished as though they had ordered her out of the house. All I wanted to do was give notice, she thought, and here I've gone and committed myself.

Still, July seemed a long time off. There would surely be some way to free herself. She could pick a fight with Carl, or she might confide in Mrs. Smith and ask her advice. But it grew harder and harder to speak up. Anyway, she found herself growing fond of Carl. It was the first time in her life she had ever had anyone of her own, and he was very considerate of her. He was coming along now in a few minutes to take her out to dinner.

She contrasted this evening with the evening, twelve years ago in Ireland, before her sister Madge was married. That evening, Madge never stopped posturing around in her wedding dress of blue silk, showing off before the neighbors while her mother sat in the middle of the room crying because she was losing her big girl and the family would soon be all scattered. "Next thing little Margaret will be leaving me," cried the mother, and Margaret had darted to her mother's side and protested that no, no, she would never leave, and the neighbors nodded approvingly and said that was a good daughter, that one. Still, good daughter and all, it was Madge who was the favorite, and when, after a year, Madge decided to economize by moving back into her old home, Margaret felt very out of place with the perpetual fuss over Madge's baby and Madge's husband and Madge's aches and pains. Margaret was already out working by then, and when her uncle in New York wrote offering to lend her the passage over, she accepted at once, believing up to the last minute before she left that the mother would come to her senses and forbid her to go. But the mother appeared delighted to see Margaret get her "chance," and there were fewer tears shed over Margaret's departure for a foreign land than over Madge's decision to marry a boy she had known all her life.

Margaret had found great satisfaction in the money orders she sent home weekly, knowing the power they gave her mother over the household. After the debt to her uncle was paid off, she sent more and more money home, stinting herself to send as much as she could. She always meant to start saving her fare home, but she really believed that when the time came for her to see her mother again, the money would turn up somehow. She wanted to go back there and best Madge, once and for all. She had a dream of saving up enough to go back and start a little business, enough to support her mother and herself, or to go back with a comfortable nest egg and find some good man to marry. None of her hopes had come true. All of her hopes had turned into regrets; only the hurt, strained feeling in her heart was the same. Everything had turned out wrong. The mother was five months dead now, and there no longer seemed any way to get back at Madge, sitting triumphant there in possession of all the old bits of ornaments and furniture and everything that remained of the old home. Not that Madge had offered to send her anything—not even a few of the old photographs—and it would be too bitter to reveal her jealousy and longing by asking for them. Madge had known what she was doing, all right.

If only God had given Margaret the strength to wait a while longer, something might have turned up. She might have won the Sweep, or some old lady might have turned up who wanted a companion to travel to Ireland with her, or somebody—her uncle, maybe—might have died and left her a legacy. There was no limit to the things that might have happened, if she'd only had patience. But the night she heard her mother was dead, Carl was so sympathetic that she committed herself further than she had ever meant to. It was the way he put his arms around her that undid her, the closeness of his body giving her a warmth she had forgotten since her mother's lap. How well he knew the time to take advantage of me, she thought angrily. His persistence had put her off the first time she met him. She should have been firm then, and got rid of him for good. That was the German in him, enabling him to hang on until he got what he was after. He would never fit in with the crowd at home. They would laugh at him behind his back and say he was thick. Madge's cruel eyes would cut clear through the smart American clothes to see the soft, good-natured, easily hurt fellow underneath. Madge would laugh to hear Mr. Smith say that Carl was a fine, steady fellow who would always be a credit to



"Sure, go right ahead and interrupt. The man only gets ten thousand dollars an hour to entertain me."

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the community. Mr. and Mrs. Smith had been very nice about the whole thing. Mr. Smith had given Margaret three months' salary as a wedding present, and Mrs. Smith gave her her wedding outfit. Her dress, a jacket and skirt of navy-blue shantung, hung now in the closet, with the new shoes in a box on the floor underneath and the new hat in a box on the shelf above. Except for her rosary beads, she had nothing old and familiar from Ireland to bring with her into her new home. Madge had stolen everything, and without even lifting a finger.

One time, when Margaret was a little girl, before her father died, her mother and father had gone for a ride in a charabanc, out into the country. When they came back, they talked about the hotel where they'd had tea, and about the woods and rivers they had seen. They promised that Margaret would have a charabanc ride one Sunday, and she believed them and began to go every Sunday to watch the buses fill up with passengers. A lot of young people used to go, laughing and pushing and jostling each other to see who would get the best seat. Margaret had her seat all picked out—the one up in front near the driver—but she never had the chance to ride in it. There was always some excuse to keep her from going. Sometimes one of the charabancs went on a mystery tour. The driver of the charabanc knew where he was going, but the passengers had to guess, and never could be sure of their destination until they arrived there. The people going off on the mystery tours seemed even gayer than the usual charabanc crowds. Margaret longed to go with them, although she had a half fear that the mystery charabancs never came back at all. She might just as well have gone on one and not come back, for all the good she had made of her life.

A JOYFUL shouting came from downstairs, and Margaret ran out onto the landing. It was Carl. He had let himself in by the back door. He was accustomed to back doors, being a plumber. When he reached the second-floor landing, he looked up and saw her.

"How's my girl?" he shouted, as though they were miles apart. His voice was hard in the emptiness of the house. He had been drinking, she could hear it in his voice, but she would say nothing about it this time. He threw his head back and stretched his arms wide, clowning in his unaccustomed happiness, but she was not touched by his emotion. She stared down at him in astonishment and fear.

"What's the matter?" he shouted, throwing himself down on his arms on the banisters. "Were you afraid I wasn't going to come? Were you afraid I might leave you at the church? You can get *that* idea out of your head. You're not getting away from me *that* easy."

She wanted to scream at him that he was beneath her, and that she despised him, and that she was not bound to him yet and never would be bound to him, but instead she spoke civilly, saying that she would be ready in a minute, and warning him not to come up into the room, because her wedding dress was hanging there and she didn't want him to see it ahead of time, for fear of bringing bad luck on the two of them.

—MAEVE BRENNAN

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SUMMER SONG

(AFTER A SURFEIT OF IRRESISTIBLE ADS)

I have spot-resistant trousers
And a crease-resistant coat,
And a wilt-resistant collar
At my thirst-resistant throat.

I've a shock-resistant wristwatch
And two leak-resistant pens,
And some sun-resistant goggles
With a glare-resistant lens.

I have scuff-resistant sneakers
Over sweat-resistant hose,
Also run-resistant nose drops
In my pollinated nose,

And my stretch-resistant muscles
Groan in work-resistant pain
While my battered conscience tussles
With my thought-resistant brain.

—W. W. WATT

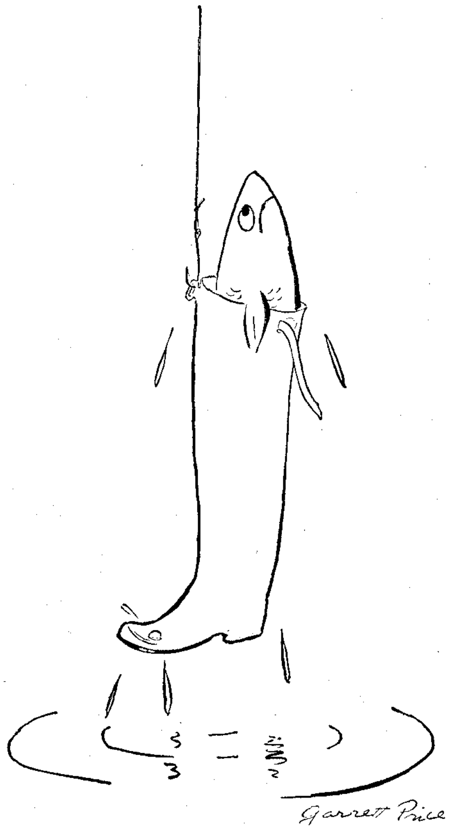
A GIRO

THE American girl was possessed by a curious pride, a curious expectancy. She sat on a stone outside one of the city gates of Assisi—that gate just below the church of San Francesco, where the land falls abruptly away. The day was going. As it paled, the city, on its mountain, and the plain from which the mountain rose—of one substance always, one clay—flushed more deeply still their one color, a rosy chalk, and the light of evening, as though it were a dust thrown up by this land, hung in the air in glowing particles and dyed the air, too, this color. If I sit here long enough, the girl thought, if I sit here patiently on this stone, I, too, will be absorbed by this dye and enter the scene. She was obsessed with breaking and entering. Driven by this obsession, she had parted a week ago in Rome from Dorothy, her friend, with whom she had been travelling, and had set off by herself. "To discover Italy!" Dorothy had laughed, and as a matter of fact Emily had intended just that.

She had felt on the brink of discovery all week. She had been tantalized. It was such a very friendly country, it lay so open to the voyager. When she was lost and asked her way, strangers were not content to give her directions; they would seize her by the hand and lead her where she wanted to go. On buses, on trains, she would scarcely have time to settle down in her place before she found herself involved in some intense discourse. All along the way it had been the same. She had never known such friendliness. And yet those she encountered remained unknown to her. When they parted from her—at stations, at street corners, shouting warm good-byes—they vanished utterly. She travelled in a country that was not hers. They vanished back into a life she had no knowledge of.

Yet she sat, patiently crouched on her stone, full of a stubborn expectancy. Setting out alone had gone to her head. Go alone, go unarmed, and cities will fall to you—she held this faith. Here she had been at odds, consistently, with Dorothy. Go fully armed, Dorothy believed; read in advance the words of other travellers about the city you are about to enter. Emily disliked to consult a map beforehand. One must begin, she thought, by wandering at random. One must turn to the map only to clarify a route one has already stumbled along, or one would never *really* read the map, never *really* break and enter the city. She even, it must be said, felt a little this way about the language of a country, and thought it somehow wrong to be letter-perfect on arrival. Come with a few phrases, she believed—the courtesies. ("Thank you very much." "Excuse me, please." "*Dove gabinetto?*") Learn from *people*. In her pride, she took this for humility. She conceived of travel rather in the terms of the fairy tales she had read in her youth. The heroine sets out in rags, and empty-handed. She is pure of heart and courteous to all she meets. (She is *simpatica.*) One to whom she is courteous turns out, at last, to have magic powers to bestow—secrets of the place.

Not far from where she sat, three boys had been shooting pebbles from slingshots and, with shrill cries, watching them fall toward the plain. But now the boys could no longer follow with their eyes the pebbles' course. They tucked their slingshots in their belts and strolled off, arms linked. Emily rose from her stone. She was hungry. She entered the city gate and began to climb the Via Venti Settembre. As she climbed, those on the street turned to stare at her. Emily was not a beauty, she was not extraordinary of face or limb, but they stared at her because she herself stared about her in such a peculiar fashion—as though she did, literally, expect a door to open in a wall, a guide to signal her, smiling.



The night was warm. This was August. She had climbed a little way when she found a wineshop. Through its double doors, open to the street, a chill fragrance issued like a breath. She entered. A cask of wine had just been broached. Half a dozen townspeople were there before her, containers in hand. "*Americana*," someone said, and nodded to her. "*Buona sera.*"

"*Buona sera*," she replied, and smiled, looking about her intently, then, flustered, dropped her eyes.

It puzzled her a little that they spotted her so immediately for an American—even before she spoke. As a matter of fact, very nearly everything that she was wearing she had purchased here in Italy. She rather thought she had quite changed her skin. Her sandals were from Rome, and her belt, her bag of yellow leather. Her dress had been made for her by a Roman dressmaker—cut a little high-waisted, in the Italian fashion. The label "Made in Italy" was on everything she wore. Yet, the glances informed her, *she* was labelled still: American. The proprietor wiped a glass on his apron and filled it for her. The wine was a white wine, light, dry, and of a penetrating fragrance. She gulped it quickly down. As she left, several people followed her with their eyes, laughing, saying softly, "*Americana.*"

She climbed again. Above her head, a canary in one of the little cages that are hung in the streets in this town gave a trill, shaking its feathers out for the night. Emily felt a sudden exhilaration. The beauty of the evening, the wine on her empty stomach, the fact of her lonely state combined to produce in her this luxury. The taste of the wine spread from her tongue through all her limbs.

A little cart blocked her way, swung sidewise across the narrow street. A small man and a girl stood beside it. "*Gelato, signorina?*" the man asked.

"Ah, no, thank you," Emily said.

The man cocked his head at her. It was a warm night, he said (in his own tongue). "Give me an ice for the lady."

The girl opened the lid of the cart and brought out a tiny cone. "It is delicious," he said, taking it between his fingers with a very delicate gesture. "It is truly delicious."

He held the ice out to Emily. She didn't want it. She wanted the taste of the wine on her tongue still, or supper. But in the fairy tales the milk cow the heroine meets on the road at the end of day begs of her, "Milk me, dear, I am heavy." The apple tree begs of her, "Pluck my apples, dear, I am heavy." And it is the mark of the heroine that she alone—and none of her fine sis-

"You give me a kind of religious feeling."

ters—performs the courtesy that is asked of her. The little man obviously wanted to turn home, and his cart was heavy. Emily bought the cone. It was cherry, and sticky sweet. "It is delicious," she assured him.

He was pleased. Another? Oh, it had been delicious, she said, but she thanked him, no. The girl, she noticed, was studying her with a sweet gravity. The look was head-on, yet devoid of boldness, almost docile. Emily had met this glance before in young girls here, and it tantalized her. Gentleness of this variety Emily found a mysterious quality. The girl was a blond Italian—though the man was very dark—a handsome girl in a faded cotton dress, which was too small for her, hiked high up her slender body. I could ask them where I should eat, thought Emily. They could tell me of some place that is not simply for tourists. "*Scusa*," she said to the man. "Could you tell me of a restaurant not too dear and not for tourists?" (She got the words out in Italian, slowly.)

The man cocked his head again, and smiled at her. Then he shrugged, and then he cocked his head once more. "Come home with me and my daughter," he said. "Come home to my family, and we will give you dinner and we will give you a bed for the night. Then you won't have to go to a restaurant, and you won't have to go to a hotel. They are all expensive."

So there it was. The man was smiling at her, and his daughter was smiling at her, nodding. And there was her invitation. She began to stammer. "Thank you," she said, and she repeated, "Thank you," and added, "That pleases me much." (She had mastered only the present tense.) She did have a hotel room for the night, she told him, but to come to dinner, that pleased her much—at which she was out of breath, and her cheeks had turned a feverish pink.

She wouldn't need a hotel room, he said. She would stay the night with his family. They lived three kilometres from Assisi. She would ride there on the bar of his bicycle, and he would bring her back into town in the morning. Emily sobered. It was necessary to stay at her hotel, she said, and she added gravely that her bags were at the hotel. It was not convenient, perhaps, for her just to come to dinner. At the end of her statement, a question mark hovered. She looked very sad indeed. The pink had gone from her cheeks.

The man was peering at her. "No, no!" he said. "Come to dinner. After dinner, I will bring you back into town."

Emily looked at the daughter, and the daughter nodded, her face shining. "Yes, come," she said.

"Good," Emily said, her fever returning. "Good. I will come. It pleases me much."

THE man turned the cart uphill, and his daughter took hold of it with him. They pushed it up the steep incline, Emily walking alongside them, her hand on the cart, too. Halfway up the hill, they eased it off the street into a small, unlit storage room on the ground floor of a house. Inside, two bicycles glinted against the wall. The man opened the cart and leaned into it, then straightened up and handed Emily another little ice. "My name is Carlo," he said. "My daughter's name is Francesca."

"My name is Emily," she whispered, and swallowed the ice quickly, and thanked him, at which he leaned into the cart again and came out with another.

"Ah, it is enough!" she cried.

But "No—eat, without compliments," he told her, so she swallowed that one, too, wondering how many more were to follow.

She did not have to eat a fourth. Carlo and Francesca walked the two bicycles up the remainder of the hill. At its crest, the city's eastern gate stood up above them; beyond it, the land grew dark. Francesca mounted her bicycle, smiled at Emily, and pedalled off. Carlo straddled his bicycle and Emily slipped onto the bar, sidesaddle. Carlo gave her arm a tiny amorous pinch. Emily hopped off. "Ah, no!" she cried, "Ah, no!" She was sober again. "It is not possible," she said.

He just stared at her. "What is it?" he asked.

She could think of none of the Italian words most appropriate. "*Non è possibile*," she repeated mournfully.

Carlo patted the bar. "Come," he said.

"No," she said, and "I am afraid," she added sternly.

"You are afraid?" he asked.

"*Yes*," said Emily.

"*Don't* be afraid," said Carlo.

She was silent. Beyond the arch of the gate, Francesca had stopped and was waiting for them, looking back over her shoulder. The last street light was a little distance behind them, but from the city's pale masonry was shed, still, a faint irradiance. Emily squinted at Carlo in this scant light. He was a small man. She was of average height, but he was shorter by a head than she, and of slight build. There was the look of a boy about him, and his face, too, though heavily lined—the lines those of exhaustion—was nevertheless boyish. He had a wavy, pleasant mouth. His eyes were large, glossy amber, and were fixed on her with a direct and curious regard. She hesitated. "Should I fear him?" she was asking herself. Out beyond the gate, visions flickered for her in the dark. He did not look the bully. If it came to that, she gauged herself the stronger. Besides, she thought, there is Francesca. "It pleases me much to come to dinner," Emily said, "but this other—" She shook her head. Abruptly, she stuck out her hand at him. "Is it a promise?" she asked.

"A promise," said Carlo promptly. He pumped her hand. "Come."

She mounted the bar again, and they lurched through the gate.

EMILY had seen men, women, and children here—the skinny and the fat, the hale and the crippled—ride on the bar as she was doing, and had marvelled how some of them sat there, but now she marvelled more. It was a startlingly uncomfortable seat. This road was no worse than others—a dirt road, bending sometimes uphill, sometimes downhill, past vineyards, past olive groves cloudily glimpsed—but she rode with clenched teeth. And now she felt captive. Now she felt reckless. She seemed to hear Dorothy's voice explode in her ear: "Emily! *Where* do you think you're going?"

With a downward rush, the bicycle turned off onto a rougher road, jolted past a huddle of small buildings, and stopped.

Carlo took her arm a moment to steady her, for she was staggering a little. Francesca led the way, and Emily followed, stumbling and climbing up steps. Francesca held a door open for her. "*Entra*," she said.

Inside, in a lighted room, people turned toward her in frank amazement, and stood stock-still and staring, like deer surprised in a field—a young woman, an old granny, a small girl. "An American," Francesca whispered to them, as if it were an enchanted word.

"My mother," said Carlo. "My wife. My younger daughter, Lucia. The *signorina* is called Emily," he told his family.

Emily shook all their hands. "Thank you," she said to each of them, other words fleeing her.

Lucia put her hands behind her back, as though they were now strange to her. "Be comfortable, be comfortable," said the young wife. The granny pushed a straight-backed chair into the middle of the room, and Emily sat.

It was a small oblong room. The walls were roughly plastered, and the floor was brick, scrubbed pale. There was one little window, set high, and catercorner, near the door, was a low fireplace. The only furnishings were a crude table, several straight-backed chairs and a stool, a corner stand, on which were a basin and a pitcher, and a high workstand on which stood preparations for a meal. A door into another room, which was dark, stood open. (The bedroom, she supposed—and if she had said she could stay the night, would they have slept all in the one room?)

From the dark room came a low cooing. Francesca slipped through the door and reappeared with a fat baby in her arms. "My son Beniamino," said Carlo.

His son Beniamino stared at Emily, unbelieving, and began to roar.

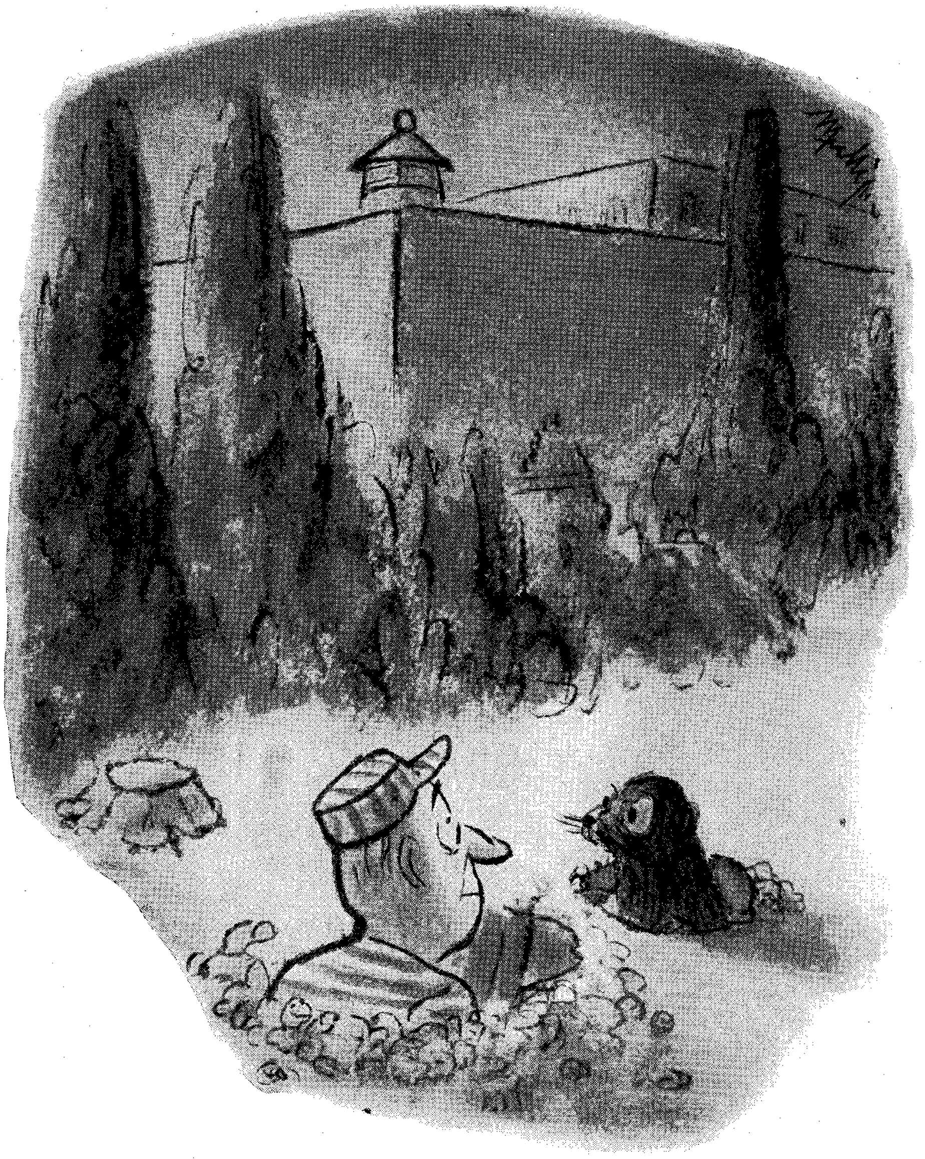
The old woman giggled. "You are his first American," she said.

Emily felt quite like the first American upon that continent. As she sat there in the center of the room where the old lady had placed her, her pride returned to her, and she began to glance about her with the eyes of one who has entered where no other has ever entered. She felt recklessness rewarded. There was no running water, she noted, and the women must do their cooking over the open fire. These discoveries filled her with a queer pleasure. A shelf for pots and pans ran along one wall. The shelf was decorated with newspaper, its overhanging edges scissor-cut in an intricate diamond pattern. She noted this with the pride of the first ever to note its like. Every gesture, every small rite performed in the room fed her pride.

Carlo turned his ragged pockets inside-out upon the tabletop and his wife counted the heaped, curled lire. The old woman crouched down on the hearth, took pine cones from a large basket, and made a fire. Inhaling the aromatic fumes that flared in the room, Emily inhaled with them the sense that now she penetrated all mysteries. The old lady, still on her knees on the hearth, turned and, speaking too rapidly for Emily to understand, questioned Carlo.

"No, she must return to her hotel," he answered.

The old lady crossed the room and lifted dinner out of the baking dish in which it sat, ready for the fire, and put



it in a long-handled skillet. "Then I shall fry it," she said. "The other takes too long." She held out the skillet to Emily.

"*Coniglio*," said Carlo. "One of our rabbits."

The small creature lay curled upon itself in the pan, among herbs. "You understand what it is—*coniglio?*" the old lady asked, and Emily nodded as gravely as though it had been an Englishman they were to dine upon.

The old lady hunched over the fire, her skinny old arm extended, holding out the skillet. The sweetish smell of rabbit filled the room. Carlo pulled a chair up beside Emily. Francesca did the same. Carlo's wife hung a pot on a hook over the fire, and then, her hands coiled in her apron, leaned against the table, smiling. Lucia walked the baby, but her eyes did not leave Emily. Lucia was small and dark, like her father, and her glance was more impudent than her sister's, and more cunning. She looked Emily up and down in detail. The grandmother, at the hearth, managed so to twist herself that she, too, was part of the circle round the girl.

A catechism began. Emily had learned, by now, to anticipate it. She could have spoken both the answers and the questions very nearly word for word. "Does it please you, Italy?" asked the wife. She had the gentle look of Francesca—a tired Francesca.

"Oh, much, much," answered Emily. "It is beautiful," she said. "And friendly." As she had not many words to speak with, she tried to give each the stress of a flight of words, and this effort involved her in strange grimacing. "Oh, much!" she repeated, and they stared at one another, she and they, until Francesca spoke, in a voice scarcely audible.

"*Sola?*" she asked. "You are alone, no?"

"Yes," Emily said, for a week—for a week's *giro*. Rome to Perugia to Florence to Assisi to Rome.

"Your mama, your papa are in Rome?" asked the old woman.

"No," Emily said. "Friends."

They asked in alarm, "You have no papa and no mama? They are dead?"

"No," she said. "They are in America."

"She is alone!" exclaimed Lucia.

"My parents and also their parents are alive," Emily volunteered. "My father's mother is eighty," she said, smiling at the old woman. "And more lively than I am." She danced her head.

"Eighty," said the old woman. "Eighty! I am fifty-five."

Emily had thought her perhaps older than eighty—a withered branch of a woman, half her teeth gone.

THE SWAN

Some swan, serene in an expedient beauty
that molds him to the water's shifting mores
and the fluctuant airs, lies in his oval,
polished, Polynesian boat shape, floating
light upon the lilied lake, and lifts
high his lean, enamelled head set
smoothly on either side with a sober eye,
and preens a wing as fine with featherwork
as a peony with waxen petal thatch.

His all-functional fairness fits him for swan life,
in which he has need of that long, admired neck
for underwater weeding and the black bill
built for spooning seed, leaf, and spawn,
and insures that, invariably, *le cygne* becomes,
for his marble whiteness and formal, stately stance,
the center of the pastoral scene wherein
he moves with gliding elegance and snow-soft
thrust of his forward-flowering, moon-bright breast.

—Dorothy Donnelly

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"And how old are you?" Lucia asked.

"Twenty-three," Emily said.

"Twenty-three!" they marvelled. "Alone!"

"I am nine," announced Lucia.

"And Francesca?"

"Twelve," whispered Francesca. Emily had thought her at least fifteen. They stared back and forth at each other.

Had she seen their churches, they asked, and had she seen the frescoes of Giotto? She replied that she had, and that they were very, very beautiful. Then Carlo's wife asked, "*Cattolica?*"—was she Catholic? This was not a question, really, but an assumption. Her acquaintance made, she was found to be *simpatica*. The voices that asked this question fell always into the same little tune, which said, "We find you human. So you are a Catholic."

"No," she answered. "I am Episcopalian."

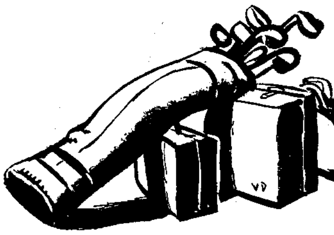
They stared.

"It is another church," she said.

They opened their eyes wide.

"It is different, but similar," she said lamely.

They looked at each other. The old lady pulled the skillet off the flame and set it on the hearth and squinted at Emily, her head on one shoulder—a hunched-up woman in a black smock that fitted her like bark, on her feet tattered sneakers, but at her ears two delicate twists of gold, a grace note. "You believe in God?" she asked cautiously.

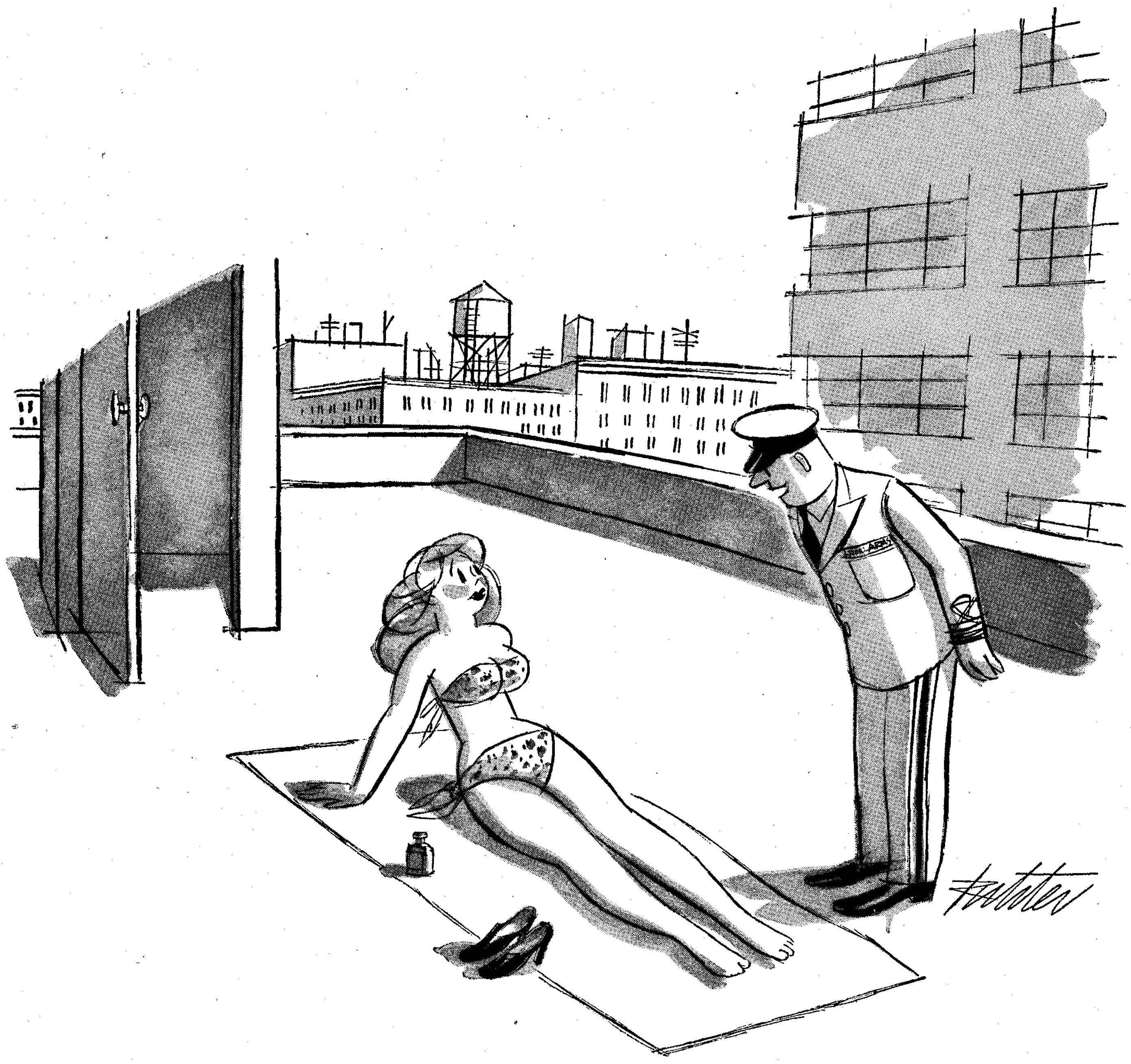


Oh, yes, said Emily, she believed in God.

"Ah, good," said the grandmother. "Dinner is ready."

THE table was small and they had to huddle close together—Carlo at the head, Emily on his right, Francesca next her, then the grandmother, and then Carlo's wife. A place was set for Lucia beside her mother, but she didn't sit. "She doesn't eat," said Carlo. "If she eats lunch, she doesn't eat dinner. If she eats dinner, she doesn't eat lunch. If she eats soup, she doesn't eat meat. If she eats meat, she doesn't eat soup." He cast Lucia an admiring glance, and his wife cast her a despairing one. The girl was skinnier than the grandmother. Her dress was too big for her; she had lost the belt to it, and it hung on her like a pillow slip. She wandered off into the next room to put the baby to bed, reappeared and crouched on the hearth to poke at the expiring fire, then went and, tiptoe, peered out the high window—or pretended to peer, for out of the corner of her eye, always, she regarded Emily—and finally she came and stood next to her father at the table and frankly stared. The grandmother clucked at her, but she paid her no attention.

The first course was a thick bean soup. Emily was very hungry and the soup was very good, and she was glad when Carlo disdained his spoon and,



"A gentleman across the street phoned to present his compliments and wonders if you would have dinner with him tonight."

with both hands, picked up his cup and drank from it. She did the same. Next, Carlo carved the rabbit, and Emily, in alarm, watched him transfer half the animal to her plate. "Ah, no!" she protested. "It is too much. No."

"You don't like rabbit!" He looked at her in distress.

Oh, yes, she said, she liked it very much.

"Ah, good, then!" he said. "Good!"

But she gestured at the other plates, none of them heaped so high, and "You give me too much," she said.

"Ah, you don't really like rabbit!" he cried, and they all exclaimed unhappily.

Oh, she liked it very, very, very much, Emily said, and, to convince them, ate. Francesca filled her glass with wine, and "Drink, drink!" Carlo told her, so she drank. And Francesca filled the glass again, saying, "Drink! Please!," and Carlo piled onto her plate what was left of the rabbit.

"No, no!" she cried, but "Ah, it isn't good, then?" they all cried, and she cried that it was very, very good (as it was), and made gestures, and sounded "Mmmm," and rolled her eyes to the ceiling, and—to convince them truly—ate.

When she had cleaned her plate, Carlo grinned and wiped his mouth and pushed back his chair. And Emily spread her hands wide and said to each one of them, helplessly, "Thank you."

The rabbit and the wine, the summer night, the fire's incense, and simply the fact of her entry into this house had left Emily giddy.

Now Carlo rose and vanished into the other room. He returned with a large alarm clock ticking in his hand. He set it on the table, and faced it toward Emily. The hands pointed to five minutes of ten. "It is time to take you home," he said. "You can take Francesca's bicycle. She can get a ride in the morning." And Francesca nodded eagerly.

So Emily stood up and tried again to say thank you, to say her goodbyes. She

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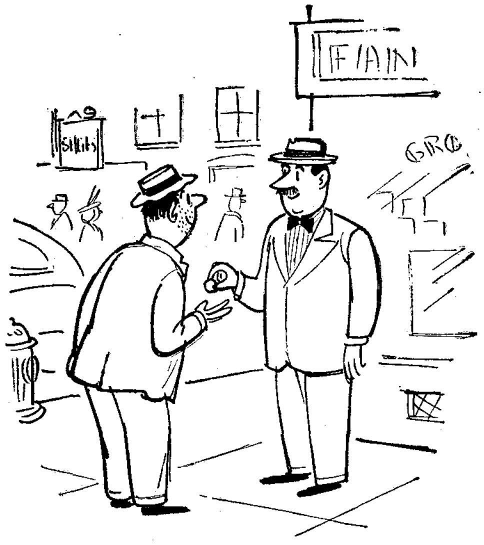


2.

FAINC
GROCE

stuck out her hand to each one of them, and opened her mouth, hoping for more words than "Thank you very much," but none would come forth, so she repeated, "*Grazie, grazie—molto, molto,*" grimacing, gesturing, to give the words stress. Carlo was holding the door open, and she stepped out, looking back, still gesturing, still hoping for a little rush of eloquence.

The terrace outside seemed to be unevenly paved, because her feet couldn't find the level; she kept shifting them, there in the dark, trying to stand up straight—thinking, Am I tipsy? She had forgotten that she had approached the house by a flight of stone steps, and she suddenly sprawled out violently along the ground. The family came running down the steps after her, with cries of alarm. She scrambled to her feet. She said, "It is nothing, nothing!" Her wind was knocked out of her and her right arm stung her sharply, but she could stand, and nothing appeared to be broken. The cries subsided.

"Come, then," Carlo said. Francesca held the bicycle for Emily to mount. Her eyes had adjusted to the darkness, and she checked herself again and she knew that she wasn't seriously hurt, but as she sat there astride the bicycle, trying to balance it, she felt suddenly altogether helpless, and fallen from joy. She asked herself what she was doing there in the night, sitting astride a bicycle, among these alarmed strangers. She had the queer sensation of awakening abruptly far from home, as one awakens sometimes in dreams, set down somewhere one has never been before, absurdly and without transition. She hadn't ridden a bicycle since she was sixteen. She wasn't sure that she still could. But "Come," said Carlo, and she called "Goodbye!" and followed him.

EMILY'S bicycle wobbled from one side of the road to the other for a while. Then she straightened it out. At the main road, Carlo let her pass him. Then he wheeled up alongside her and reached over and gave her cheek a tiny pinch.

So there she was, this enthusiastic traveller. "So here I am," she said to herself listlessly. "Here I am." She shook her head and said "No!" emphatically, and he dropped back, then wheeled up alongside her again and, squinting at her mischievously, made kissing sounds upon the air. The moment that she had felt bold to cope with had come round to her, but meanwhile she had lost belief in the entire venture. Even as it was happening the moment seemed remote, and the means to cope with it more remote still.

He whispered, "Stop a minute, Emily. Here, stop a little."

She said "No, no, no!" and decided, I will simply keep pedalling and hope that I have breath enough. "*Non è buono*—it's not good," she scolded, and, concentrating upon pedalling, she managed to pull ahead of him.

"Emily, stop a little!" he called. "Emily, stop a little!" So she stood up (remembering that this was how to put on speed), and, bent over, pumping hard, reached the top of the first hill.

She really expected him to overtake her easily, for he made this trip every day, after all. "But my legs are longer than his," she told herself hopefully. The stretch was downhill now, for a way, and she used it to catch her breath. The next hill was easier for her, and then there was a long, gentle downgrade. She sprinted here, and, looking back over her shoulder, she was surprised to find that she had left Carlo far behind.

She heard him crying after her. His voice reached her, in a sudden shrill gust, from over the crest of the hill she had just descended, and she slowed down, because there was nothing of invitation in the call, now, but only alarm. She wondered, What can be the matter with him? And suddenly she realized, He thinks I am stealing the bicycle!

The road passed some houses here, and a little group of people were on the road, taking an evening turn, so she felt safe to stop. He came pedalling frantically down the slope, crying out, "Where are you going? Where are you going?," and pulled up, gasping. He stared at her. She stared back. They were both aghast. "Where are you going with the bicycle?" he cried. "Where are you going?"

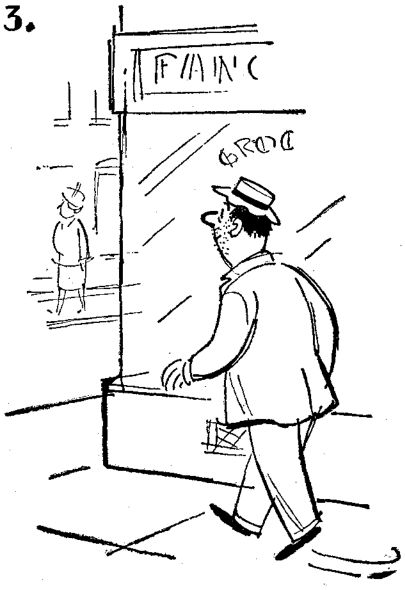
"I am going to my hotel," she said.

"And why are you going so fast? Why are you going so fast?" he said.

She dismounted, and he dismounted, and each, holding awkwardly still to his bicycle, poked his head forward in the half light to scan the other's face. Carlo threw out his free hand. "I brought you home with me! I brought you to my family. We made you welcome. We fed you. And now you run away with my daughter's bicycle," he cried. "Now you run away with my daughter's bicycle."

"No— *Senta,*" she said. "Listen, please!" She was flushing at his words, but at the same time she wanted to relax into laughter. It was a grotesque turn to things. "Believe," she said, finding that word. "Believe."

He cocked his head. She turned to the bicycle and gestured as if spurning it. "No, no," she said, and then she flushed again. "*Yes,*" she said, "you were good to me. You were very, very good to me. All the family. Thank you, thank you!" She tried to make repetition take the place of decoration. "*But*"—she put everything into that word, "*Ma,*" throwing out *her* free hand, then raising her eyebrows at him—"this *other* thing." She shook her head at him. "*Cattiva*—bad." She remembered this word. "I was afraid," she said. She repeated, 3.



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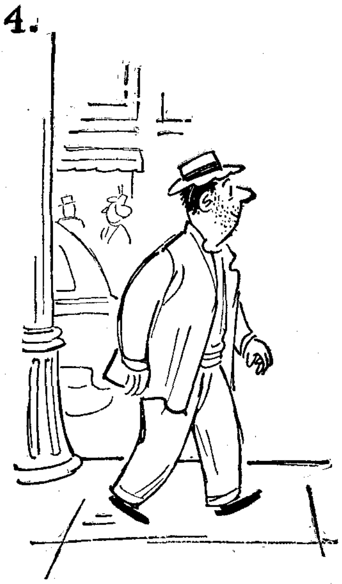

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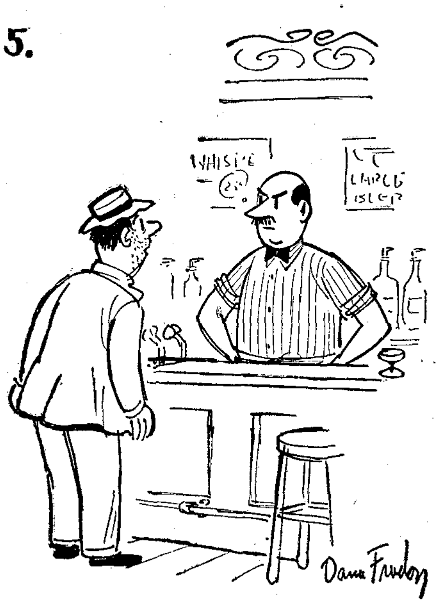

"*Paura*—fear." The walkers were alongside them now, and hushed their voices and turned about to look at them.

"*Sono ignorante,*" Carlo said. "I am an ignorant man. If it had pleased you, it would have pleased me. But I am not a man of violence."

Then Emily did truly, for a moment, have nothing to say, because she was ashamed. Go unarmed, and cities will fall to you—she had boasted this faith. But now the fact was uncovered to her that she merely travelled blind.

She said, "I believe it." She repeated, "I believe it, now. *Scusa*—forgive me." She said, "Listen"—speaking painstakingly—"*una ragazza ha sempre paura. Necessità.* A girl always has fear. It is necessary." She asked him, "*Capisce?* Do you understand?"

He smiled in astonishment, and she said, "Excuse me. Do you understand?"

Again she stuck out her hand at him. He looked at it and grabbed it and shook it. They both laughed. "*Allora,*" he said, and they mounted their bicycles again and, side by side, rode the rest of the way to the city.

At the gate of the city, Carlo said, "Would you have a drink with me, to say goodbye?"

Emily accepted. He put Francesca's bicycle in the storage room, and they went to a bar down the street. He had a glass of beer, and she had a glass of sparkling water, for she felt she had had enough of intoxicants for that night. He became distressed at the sight of her arm, which was a little bloody from the fall, so at his request the bartender poured a little gin along it, against an infection. They touched glasses, Carlo downed his beer, and she thanked him again and thanked his whole family. She asked him to write his name and address in her notebook, which he did with a little difficulty, and they peered at each other once more, still looking surprised, each at the other. Then they said good night. Outside, he turned uphill and she turned downhill toward her hotel.

THE streets were empty, and Emily's feet made a lot of noise on the cobblestones. The canary that had sung for her earlier awoke as she passed, and hopped across his cage once, but sounded no note. A white cat with one broken ear walked her the second half of the way home. She got her key from the drowsing boy at the hotel desk and climbed the stairs to her room.

The water had been turned off, or had failed, so she crawled into bed without bathing, the dust of her fall still on her. Her right arm was stiff, and one finger was quite painful. Her body felt as though it were someone else's body, not her own, and she was again dispirited, as she had been after her fall down the steps. A group of young men passed below her window, and stopped to have an argument. Their voices rose clear in the summer air, but though they were not talking very fast, not a single word they spoke sounded familiar to her. She had had it happen before, when she was tired out; the language suddenly would go over her head like a great wave, and though she had been making some progress in it, it would be only gibberish to her. And she felt again, What am I doing here in this country not my own? Her pride was quite gone out of her breast. She lay this way a long while before she dropped off to sleep.

However, in the morning she felt differently. On the bus that took her down the hill to the railroad station, she recognized an English girl who had arrived on the same train with her the day before. They smiled at each other, and the English girl crossed and sat down next to Emily. The English girl had spent the night, she told her, at the house kept by nuns up on the hill. The sisters had been terribly sweet to her, she said, in spite of the fact that she herself was no Catholic. "Rather not. I'm a bit of an atheist, as a matter of fact." And where had Emily gone?

So Emily recounted her adventure, with some abridgments, but telling of the rough ride through the darkness on the stranger's bicycle, of the rabbit cooked by the old woman over the fire built of pine cones. "And leaving, I fell downstairs and busted my finger, I think." She held it forth. It was badly swollen.

"My word!" said the girl. "And they asked you into their home? My word!"

Together they stared at the bruised finger as though they had a marvel there, something of magic properties gained from that evening, and they both turned to gaze back up at the ancient city upon its ancient hill. "Well, *you* really *stormed* the town," said the English girl. And Emily thought to herself that she had, rather.

—BARBARA DEMING

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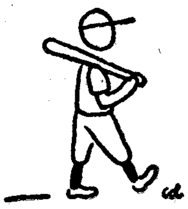
Anne Baxter and her ma are a stone's throw away from us, at the Grand Hotel. A man asked Annie for her autograph and remarked, "I'm a numismatist—you know what that is?" And Anne replied, "A stamp collector—I once worked a crossword puzzle."—*Mike Connolly in the Hollywood Reporter.*

Did it come out?

ANNALS OF CRIME

THE PERILS OF PEARL AND OLGA

ON the morning of December 31, 1946, two young women, among many other people, got on a subway train separately at the Fifty-fifth Street B.-M.T. station in Brooklyn, and sat down across from each other in a car as the train moved off toward Manhattan. They had never met, had never spoken, but their lives had been drawn together and the entwinement was a sinister one. They were both working girls and more than ordinarily attractive. One of them was tall, with pale, clear skin and large, dark eyes and shining black hair; she was twenty-eight years old, and her face, besides being beautiful, had an interesting, troubled look about it. She had noticed that the other girl was carrying a gift-wrapped package about the size of a large shoe box. It had an aperture at one end, from which protruded what looked like the lens of a camera. Without thinking much about it, she wondered idly what kind of gift was inside the package. The other girl was barely nineteen and was small and blond. Her name was Pearl Lusk. Only a week earlier, on the day before Christmas, Pearl had found herself disillusioned with New York and its ways, but the mood hadn't lasted long. Now, as the subway train jounced and clattered along, she felt excited and happy. She held her gift-wrapped package carefully on her lap with both hands. Every now and then, she glanced briefly at the tall, dark girl across the aisle, as if to make sure she was still sitting there.

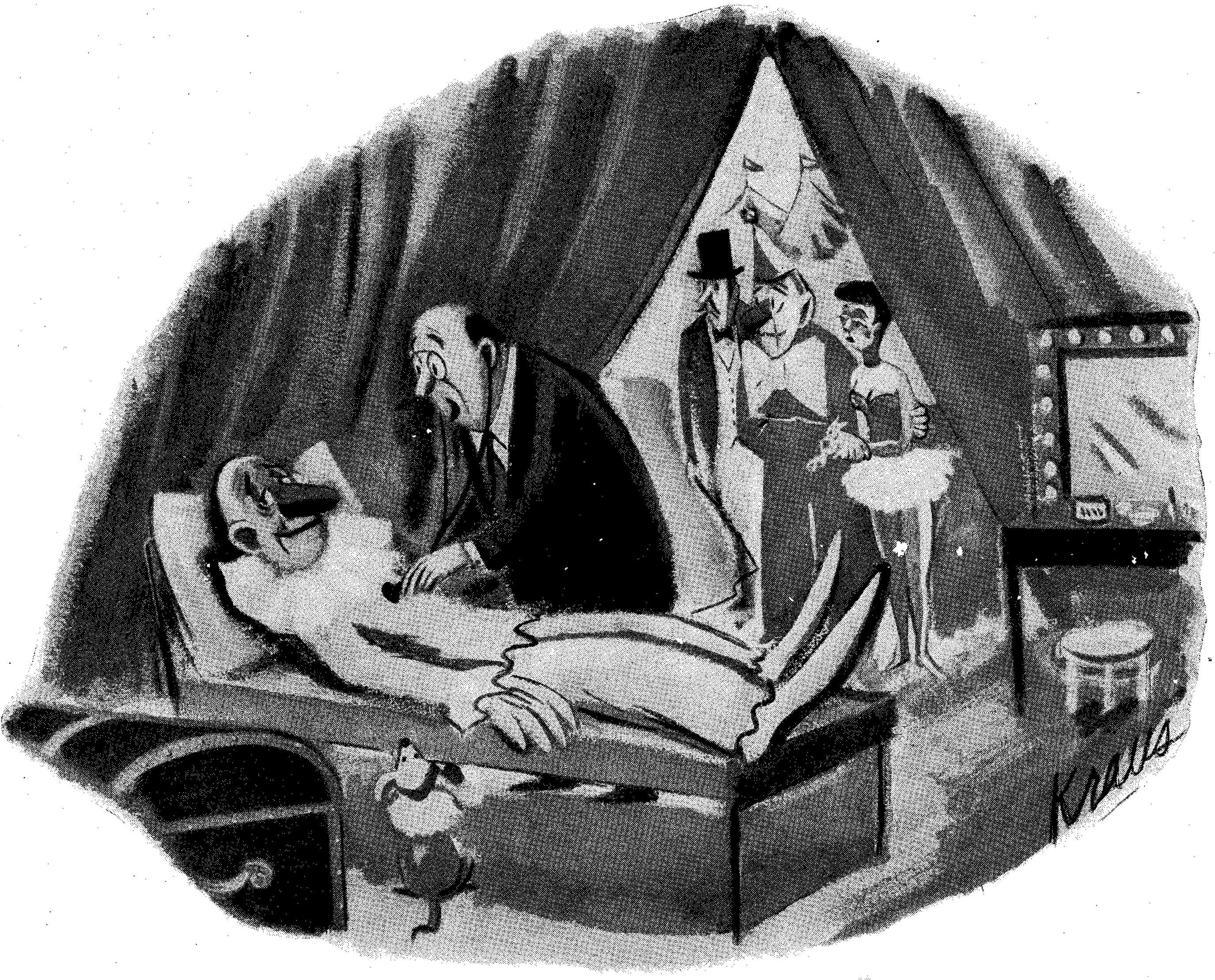


Except for two things that happened to her on Christmas Eve, Pearl Lusk had been pleased with New York ever since she came to the city to seek her fortune, and she told everybody so. She had arrived in the autumn of that same year of 1946, some months after graduating from high school in Quakertown, not far from Philadelphia. For a while, she lived with her mother and her stepfather in Brooklyn, but as soon as she got a job—as a salesgirl in a department store—she moved to a furnished room all her own on the upper West Side of Manhattan. She did over both herself and the room almost at once. She began using mascara for the first time, and she settled on a darker shade of lipstick than the girls at Quakertown High had gone in for. On the advice of an expensive hairdresser on West End Avenue, she abandoned her blond bangs and thenceforth lifted to her new world a head of carefully tousled blond curls. She hung pink curtains at the one window of her room and bought a lavender coverlet for the studio couch. She made friends quickly with many of the salesgirls at the store and lunched at a soda fountain every day and dined in a cafeteria almost every night with large groups of them. Her favorite lunch was African-lobster-tail salad and Coca-Cola, followed by a junior banana split. Her favorite dinner was chicken potpie with mushrooms, pecan pie with whipped cream, and coffee. She was healthy and cheerful, and grinned and laughed a great deal, often for no particular reason. Soon she began having dates with young men who worked at the store. As the holiday season approached, her landlady more and more frequently called her to the telephone in the downstairs hall. On evenings when the telephone didn't ring for her, she read twenty-five-cent editions of popular novels and detective stories, one after another, lying at ease on the lavender coverlet of her studio couch.

Pearl was a well-brought-up girl and never went out with young men to whom she had not been introduced, no matter how handsome they might be. On Thanksgiving Day, a man, whom she considered the handsomest she had ever seen, except for certain movie stars, tried to pick her up on the subway in Brooklyn when she was going to see her mother. Although she talked to him in her amiable way, she refused to have a drink with him or to give him her name and address. He told her his name was Allen La Rue. Afterward, from time to time, she thought somewhat regretfully about his good looks and romantic name, but on the whole she was glad she hadn't consented to go out with a stranger. What with the crowded lunches and dinners with the chattering gangs of salesgirls, the occasional dates with the fellows she had met at the store, and the twenty-five-cent books, she was contented and occupied. Then, on Christmas Eve, after only three months of her new life had been lived, the department store laid her off, along with batches of other salesgirls, because the Christmas rush was over. On top of that, her landlady told her that same day that she was getting tired of calling her to the telephone and in the future would call her only if her mother wanted to speak to her.

By thus eliminating Pearl's salary and obliterating her social life, the department store and the landlady were unwittingly preparing Pearl for her next encounter with the handsome stranger she had once fended off. She ran into him the second time in a subway train in Brooklyn on the evening of the day after Christmas, when she was on her way back from her mother's, and this time she agreed to get off with him at Times Square and have a drink. She ordered her favorite, which was Scotch whiskey and 7-Up. She told him about losing her job, and about the landlady, and he was sympathetic. Later on, she remembered that his manner had seemed to change subtly as they chatted over their drinks that evening. "He seemed interested in me like any other man at first," she told an Assistant District Attorney, "but the more I talked the more I felt like he had some different kind of interest in me." At any rate, after she had talked awhile, the man said he had a job for her if she wanted it. He told her about the work, and she was enchanted. It reminded her of the sort of thing Perry Mason, the lawyer, was always asking his secretary, Della Street, to do in those absorbing novels by Erle Stanley Gardner that she had been reading. Besides being the handsomest man she had ever seen off the screen, she thought Allen La Rue was by far the best-dressed. He had on a double-breasted gray suit with widely spaced pencil stripes and sharply pointed lapels, and the coat had padding that emphasized his broad shoulders and made the cloth drape smartly down to his narrow hips. His white-on-white shirt had a collar with extra-long points, and he wore a striking blue tie with a flowered design in ivory and gold. Before the evening was over, Pearl had enthusiastically accepted the job, her employer was calling her Pearl, and she was calling him Allen.

PEARL jumped out of bed early the next morning and, after doing her face carefully and brushing her blond curls, put on her best daytime dress. Over it she wore a coat of imitation Persian lamb that she was buying from the store on the installment plan. She had three hats; the one she liked best was a gray one with a large white bow on top, and she put that on. She was to meet Allen around the corner from a



"Good heavens, man, your heart is breaking!"

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building at 42 West Thirty-ninth Street at half past nine. She was anxious to get started on her new job, not only because it was a job but because it sounded so exciting. Allen had told her he was a private detective working for an insurance company that specialized in insuring jewelry and, consequently, in recovering jewelry when it had been stolen from its clients. He had reason to suspect, he said, that a young woman named Olga, who was private secretary to the owner of the Croyden Hat Company, with offices in the building on West Thirty-ninth Street, had stolen some valuable jewelry from one of their clients and was carrying it pinned inside her clothes. The woman knew Allen by sight, and for that reason, Allen said, he couldn't risk being seen by her, because then she might think he suspected what she was up to, and stash the jewels somewhere or dump them with a fence. He couldn't ask the police to arrest her until he could prove that she actually had the jewels. Pearl was going to help him prove that, and he was going to tell her how when she met him that morning.

Allen was waiting for her when she got there. As she later reported the conversation, he said, "Here's what I want you to do first. Go up to the offices of the hat company and ask the receptionist if Miss Sadie White is working there. There isn't any Sadie White, of course, but while you're talking to the receptionist you'll get a chance to take a good look at Olga, so you'll know her when you see her again. She sits just outside the door that leads into the private office of the owner. Here's a photograph of her," he went on, taking one out of his inside coat pocket, "but I want you to see her in person so you'll be sure to recognize her, even in a crowd—like in a subway crowd. I'm going to get you to follow her around when she leaves this afternoon. Now, go up there, and then meet me here afterward and tell me if you think you can recognize her good enough to tail her wherever she goes when she leaves."

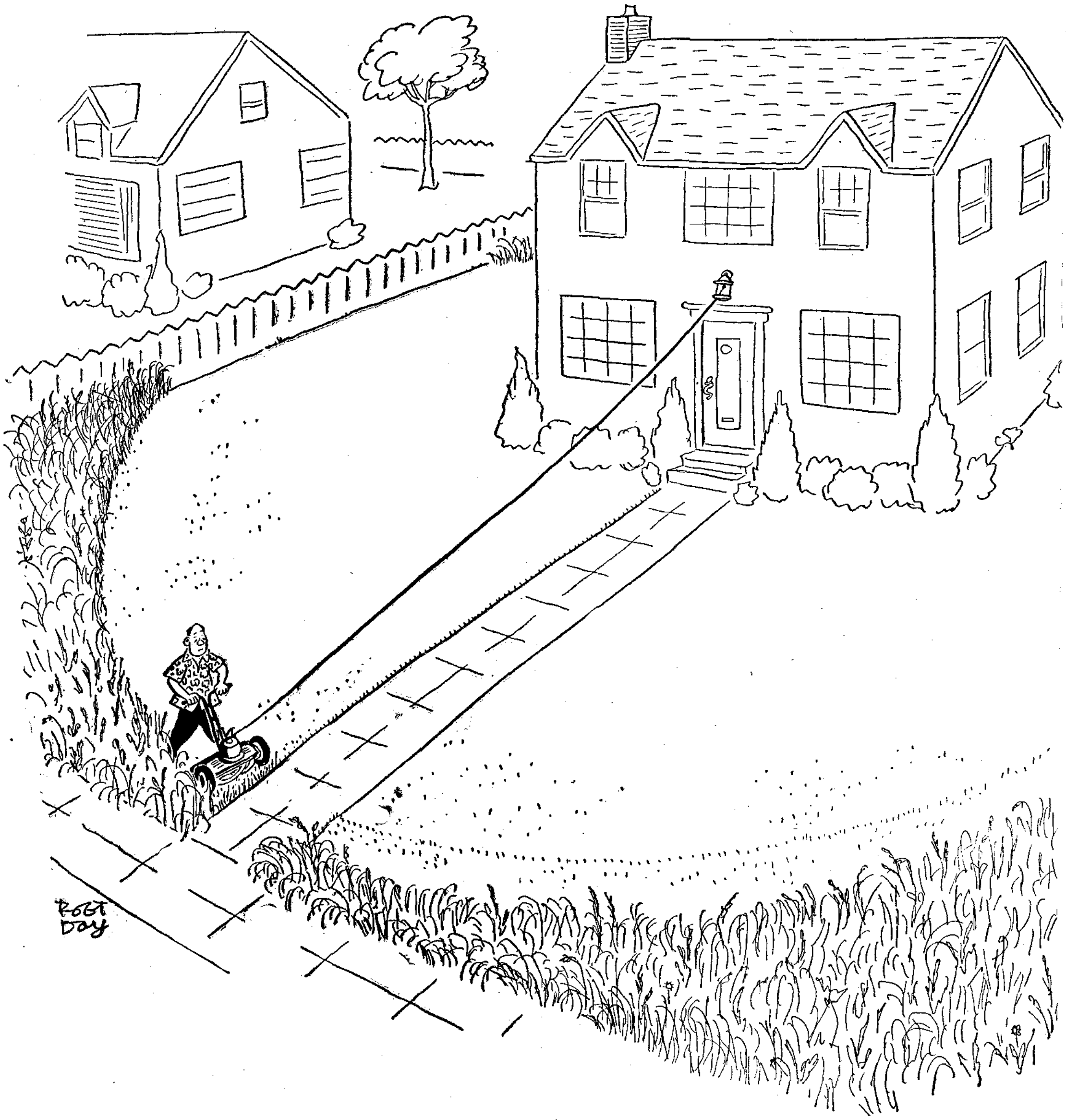
Pearl carried out this mission competently and rejoined Allen. She told him that she would now know Olga anywhere and that she had memorized not only the clothes she was wearing but also her street coat and hat, which were hanging near her desk. "That's great," said Allen. "Now I'll tell you how we're going to work this, and don't forget there's going to be a big reward in it for you when we get those jewels back. You take most of the day off—go to the movies or something—but don't tell anybody about this, because there are leaks all over in this racket and it might get back to Olga. She leaves here every afternoon at five. You meet me at my apartment, at 204 East Seventeenth Street, at half past three and I'll show you exactly how we're going to prove she's carrying those jewels."

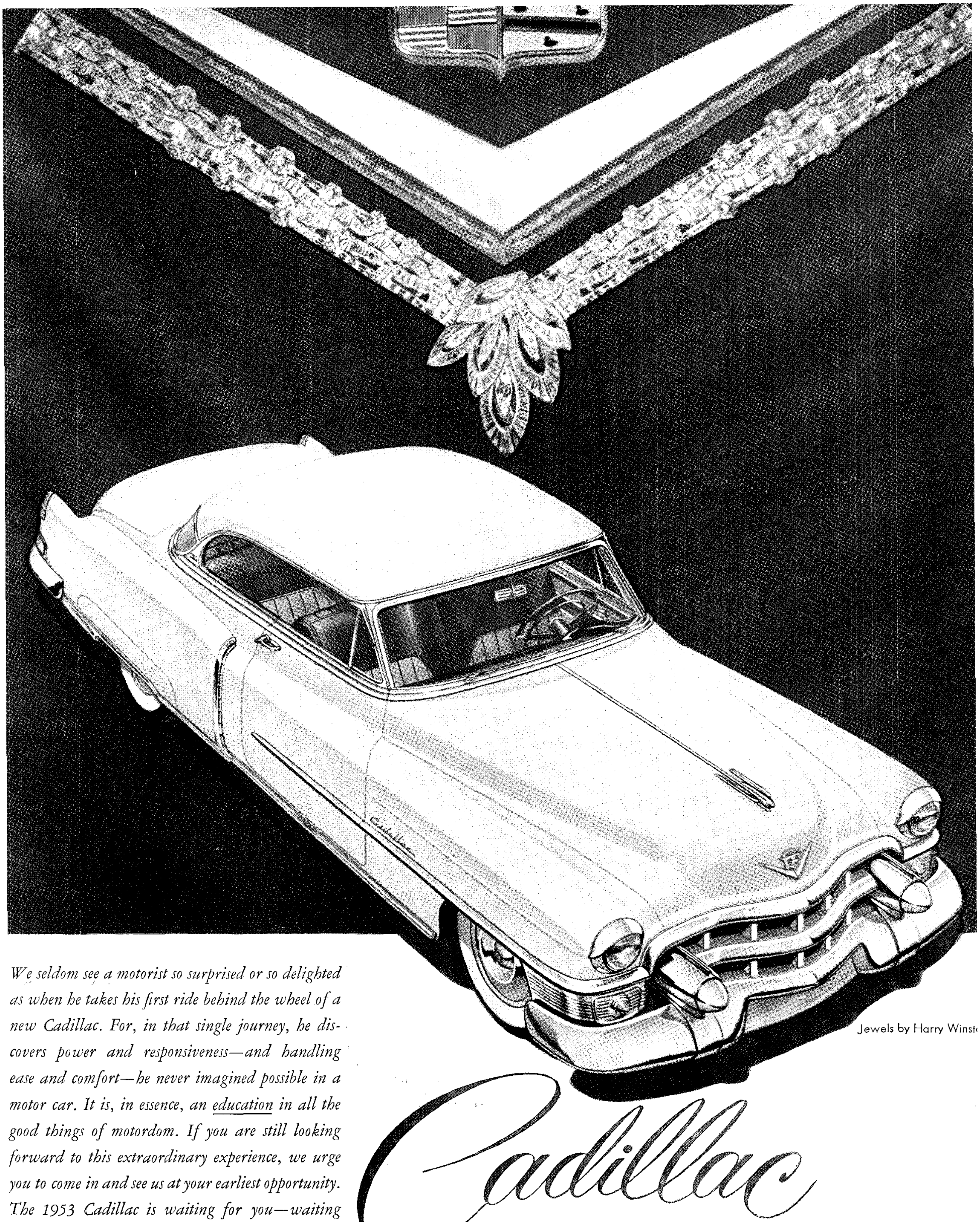
Pearl saw a double feature, called on some of her friends who were still working at the store, and met Allen at his apartment on the dot. There he showed her an interesting object that he said was an X-ray camera. It looked like a shoe box with a hole in one end and was done up in brown wrapping paper, like an ordinary parcel. A short piece of wire with a loop on the end of it hung out of the bottom of the box. "All you do is point this at her and pull this wire," he explained. "The X-ray picture will show us if she has the jewels. But don't snap the picture where she can see you do it. Take it when she gets off the train in Brooklyn—that's where she lives. You want to be right behind her when you follow her out of the train, so you can take it at close range. You want to be only two or three feet away from her when you snap the picture. After you take it, meet me where we had the drinks last night and I'll take the camera and get the picture developed."

Enthralled, Pearl went back to Thirty-ninth Street, spotted Olga as she left the building, followed her to the Times Square subway station, sat near her until the train reached the Fifty-fifth Street station in Brooklyn, followed close behind her as she got out, pointed the box at her, and pulled the wire. Hoping she had got a good picture, she caught a train back to Times Square. Allen was waiting for her in the bar-and-grill. He questioned her carefully as to just how she had taken the picture, how close she had been to Olga when she took it, and whether Olga had noticed anything. Pearl told him that she wasn't more than two and a half feet from Olga when she pulled the wire, and that Olga hadn't noticed anything, because her back was turned and she was hurrying out of the station. Allen said he would get the picture developed that night, and if she would come to his apartment in the morning, he would tell her how it had turned out. When Pearl saw him the next morning, he said the picture hadn't turned out well at all. "I think the camera is the trouble," he said. "I'll have to get a better one, and it may take a couple of days. You call me here in three days and I'll let you know how things stand."

When Pearl telephoned Allen, he told her that he had the new camera and that he wanted her to meet him in an Automat near Union Square at eight o'clock the next morning—the morning of December 31st. Pearl was punctual. She found that the new camera was bigger and heavier than the other one and that it had the same sort of looped wire hanging out of the bottom. It was wrapped like a gift, in paper with "Merry Christmas," in red, and "Happy New Year," in green, printed over and over. Allen said he wanted her to ride over to Olga's station in Brooklyn and pick her up when she got on the train to go to work. Then she was to sit near her in the subway and, when she got out of the train at Times Square, take the picture exactly as she had taken the one with the other camera. "Remember to aim it low, at her waist," he said. "That's probably where she's carrying the jewels—pinned inside her dress at her waist."

Pearl did as she was told; when the train reached Times Square, she followed Olga through the door, pointed the parcel at her, and pulled the wire. There was a roaring explosion and the parcel nearly jumped out of her hands. Olga screamed and fell on her back, holding her left leg, which seemed to have been nearly blown off. A subway guard rushed up, asking "What happened? What happened?," and Pearl, who had been so close to Olga that she was splattered with blood, said to him, "I just took a woman's picture and somebody shot her." A man in the crowd put a tourniquet on Olga's leg, and a policeman appeared and grabbed Pearl, ripped open her parcel, and quickly saw that what was inside was a sawed-off shotgun. Then Pearl, at last, put two and two together. She began to cry. With the patrolman holding her arm, she leaned over Olga and said, "I'm awfully sorry I shot you. There was this new job, you see, and I thought I was taking your picture with an X-ray





Jewels by Harry Winst

We seldom see a motorist so surprised or so delighted as when he takes his first ride behind the wheel of a new Cadillac. For, in that single journey, he discovers power and responsiveness—and handling ease and comfort—he never imagined possible in a motor car. It is, in essence, an education in all the good things of motordom. If you are still looking forward to this extraordinary experience, we urge you to come in and see us at your earliest opportunity. The 1953 Cadillac is waiting for you—waiting to give you the most revealing ride of your life!

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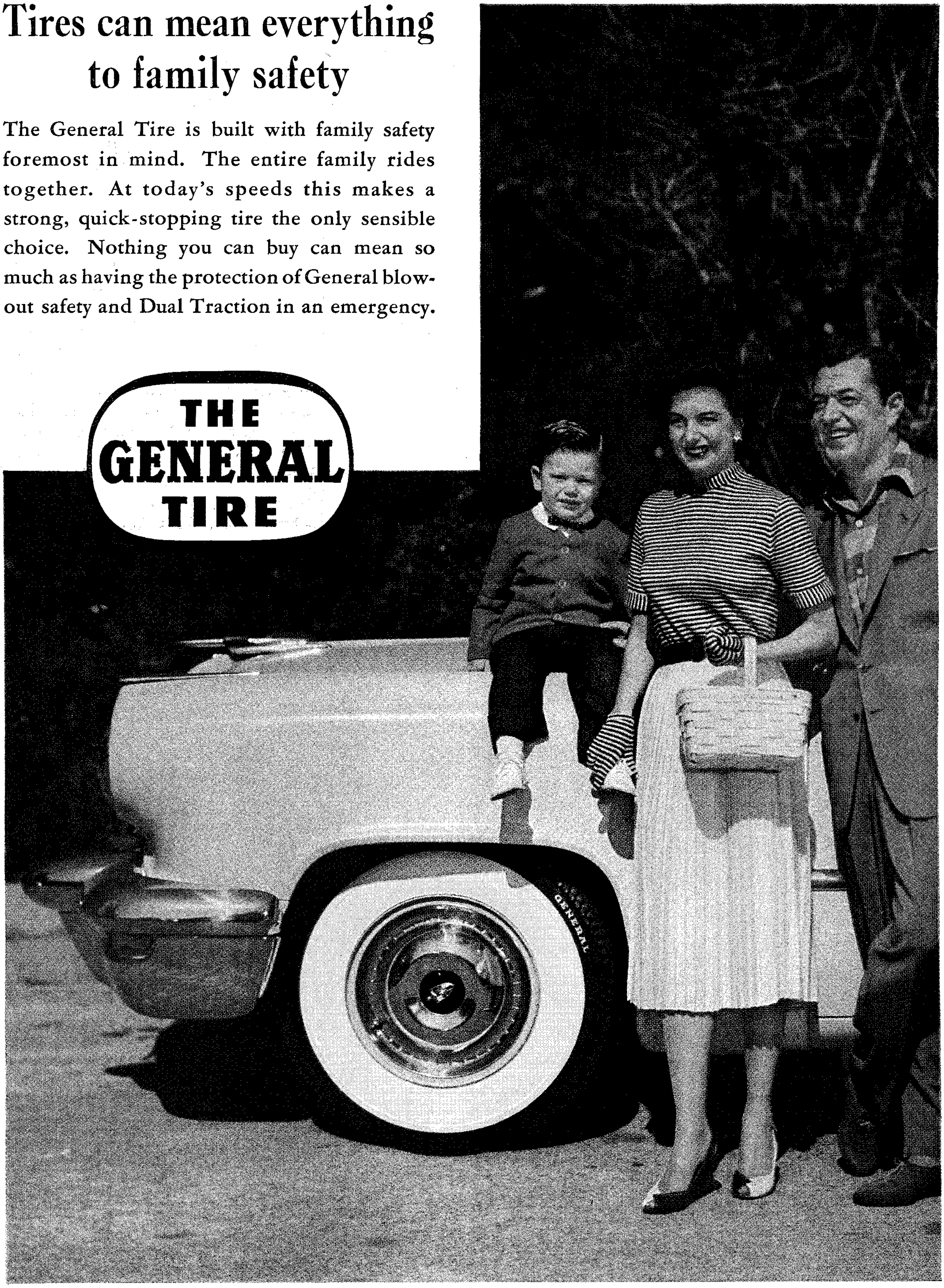
THE GENERAL TIRE



The popular TONY MARTIN family of Hollywood.
CYD CHARISSE, Co-starring in M-G-M's "THE BAND WAGON"
and TONY MARTIN, Co-starring in M-G-M's "EASY TO LOVE", with Tony, Jr.

camera.” Olga looked up at her and quickly looked away, as if she considered Pearl’s role in this drama unworthy of her attention. Speaking to nobody in particular, she said, in what seemed to those who heard her a tone of resignation, “Well, he got me this time. Now if he wants me he can take me. I’m crippled. I wonder what happened to the police? He must have been too smart for them.”

DURING the last two months of that year, it turned out, Olga had told her story to the police a good many times, and she was to tell it again and again later on, occasionally in the presence of stenographers. The transcript of one of Olga’s statements (all of them were the same in substance) goes like this:

“When were you married, Olga, and what was the name of your husband?”

“His name was Alphonse Rocco and we were married about a year and a half ago—on May 14, 1945.”

“Did you separate from your husband?”

“Yes.”

“About when was it that you separated?”

“About April of 1946.”

“And where did you live at that time?”

“I lived at 1434 Fifty-seventh Street, in Brooklyn.”

“Who did you live there with?”

“With my parents and a married sister and her husband and daughter.”

“Now, how far is your home from the subway station?”

“I would say it is about four or five blocks.”

“Now, sometime in the early part of October, 1946—after you were separated—did you meet your husband?”

“Yes.”

“Where were you when you met him?”

“I was on the West End express, going to work.”

“And where were you employed at that time?”

“At the Croyden Hat Company, at 42 West Thirty-ninth Street, in Manhattan.”

“In order to get to your place of business, what station did you get off at?”

“The Times Square station.”

“So that you would get on at the Fifty-fifth Street station in Brooklyn and get off at the Times Square station.”

“Yes.”

“Now, you say, then, that in the early part of October, 1946, you were on one of these trains bound for Manhattan and it was there—it was on that train—that you met your husband?”

“Yes.”

“Did you have a talk with your husband?”

“Yes.”

“Were you feeling well on that occasion?”

“No.”

“And after you talked to your husband, what, if anything, did you do?”

“We got off at Ninth Avenue and crossed over and rode back to Fifty-fifth Street, because his car was parked at the exit of the station. He offered to drive me home so that I wouldn’t have to walk when I wasn’t feeling well.”

“Did you get into his automobile?”

“Yes, I did.”

“Did he drive you home?”

“No, he did not.”

“Where did he go?”

“He drove to Manhattan.”

“What, if anything, did he do in the automobile?”

“Well, he had a knife and it had a little button on it and he pressed that knife and a big blade shot out of it and he pressed it up against my throat.”

“Did you try to get out of the automobile?”

“I asked him to stop the car so I could get out.”

“Did he stop the automobile?”

“No, he would not.”

“What did he do with this knife, if anything?”

“He held it up against my throat and said that he would kill me if I screamed or if I cried too loudly in the car.”

“Now, where did he drive to?”

“He drove toward the Manhattan Bridge and we went over that, and then on the highway near Riverside Drive and then toward the country places—Poughkeepsie.”

“What happened up at Poughkeepsie? What did he do up at Poughkeepsie?”

“He stopped at one of the tourist cabins and he rented a cabin.”

“Did you want to go into the cabin?”

“No.”

“What, if anything, did he do?”

“He had this knife in his pocket and he told me that if I would scream out or anything to the lady who was renting us the room, he would kill me.”

“How long did you stay up at Poughkeepsie?”

“Two days.”

“Did you stay there of your own free will?”

“No, I did not.”

“Did he have any other weapons up there?”

“Yes. He had a shotgun and he had

Make Yourself Useful

Everytime we see a survey that asks a business executive which is the most useful magazine he reads, and we don’t win it, we’re a little chagrined. It’s true that many magazines help their readers, but it seems to us they help with the more obvious things, such as the price of steel. But what magazine ever helped a reader find a cigar store Indian, for instance, as we did for a hotel manager in Lancaster, Pa.?

What magazine was on the job when the New York Anti-Crime Committee wanted reprints of “Vigilantes in Homburgs”? What magazine published two of the most newsworthy insurance articles in recent years: “And Then—Sudden Ruin” and “When Fire Strikes Home”? What magazine printed and delivered 150,000 reprints of “Dilemma in the Hospital,” called by many of the medical profession the most significant article of its kind in recent years? What magazine won the plaudits of army and navy officers with “Electronics: Too Tough for GI’s”?

Certainly, we are an entertaining magazine as well as a useful one. We have published and will keep right on publishing articles about compass makers, cuckoo clocks, wooden money, harmonicas, cats, sleeping, Iowa hens, curbstone banking, private eyes, green peas, paper clips, chuck wagons, dog houses (for dogs, that is), sinuses, clams, what to do when your wife’s away . . .

H-m-m-m—some of these sound pretty useful, too. Nation’s Business, *a general magazine for businessmen,* Washington 6, D. C.

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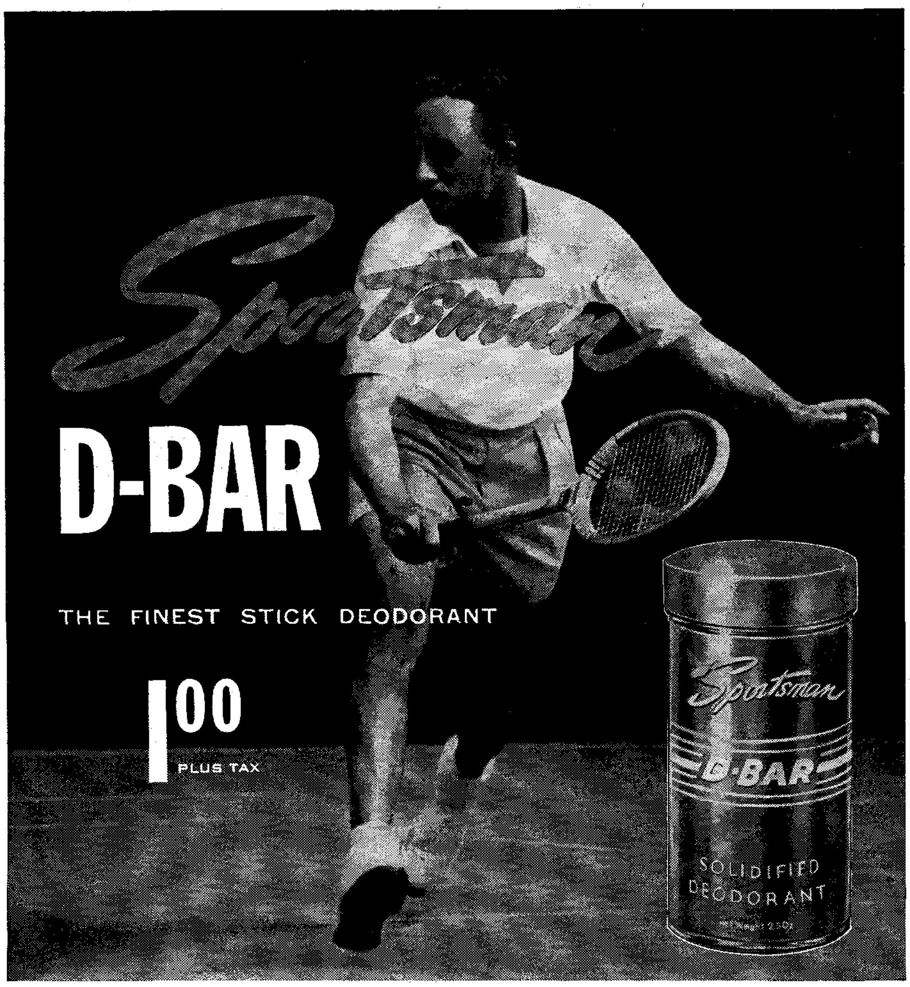

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a revolver, and the little knife he carried with him."

"Now, then, did he drive you back to New York after those two days?"

"Yes."

"Where did he go when he drove back to New York?"

"He made me go to this place on Canal Street."

"What kind of place was it?"

"It looked to me like a place that sells guns and shotguns."

"Now, did he get— did he get anything there?"

"Yes."

"What did he get there?"

"I saw the man hand him something, and he put it in his pocket."

"What was it?"

"It was a revolver."

"All right. Now, after he got the revolver did he do anything with that revolver insofar as you are concerned?"

"Yes, he did."

"What did he do?"

"We got in the car and he held it up to my temple."

"Now, then, did he drive— where did he drive after that?"

"We went back the same way again, back to Poughkeepsie to a different tourist cabin."

"Did you go of your own free will?"

"No, I did not."

"All right, now, how long did you stay up there?"

"Five days altogether."

"All right, now, after five days where did you go?"

"We drove back to Brooklyn."

"And where did you go?"

"I went to my niece's home."

"And what happened at your niece's home?"

"I collapsed on the steps there."

"Did you ever go out with your husband after that?"

"No."

"Something happened on November 1, 1946?"

"Yes."

"Where were you when something happened?"

"I was in my home in the kitchen."

"What happened?"

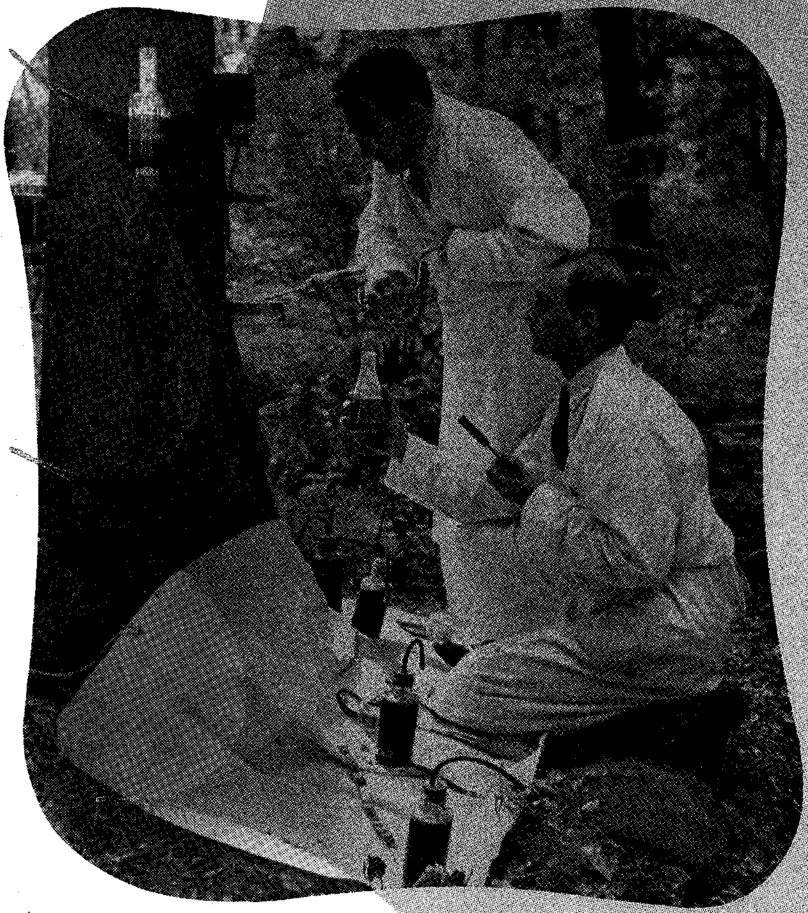
"I was helping Mother set the dinner table."

"Keep your voice up, Olga."

"I was helping Mother set the dinner table and the window was open and all of a sudden I felt a very sharp sting in my right leg and when I bent down to touch it, it was bleeding."

"What else did you observe about your leg at that time? Did you observe any hole?"

"Well, I could not see because it was



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bleeding so much. I could not see."

"Some time after that did you notice a hole?"

"Yes, I did. Yes."

"And where was the hole?"

"It was in my thigh. There were two separate holes in my thigh. On the right side and in the back of my thigh."

"Was an ambulance summoned?"

"Yes, we called the police."

"You were confined in the hospital for a period of time?"

"I was there for ten days."

"And during that time did you see any detectives?"

"Yes, I saw Detective O'Brien and I saw—I believe he was an Assistant District Attorney, and a stenographer."

"You told them about your—about the trips to Poughkeepsie and the five days you were with your husband?"

"Yes, I did."

"And about the shooting in your home?"

"Yes, I said that I was positive it was my husband, that it couldn't have been anybody else."

"Now, you went back to work on December 9th?"

"Yes."

"Did someone go with you?"

"My sister did. She was employed on Thirty-seventh Street in Manhattan and she went with me."

"What, if anything, did you observe the first day you went back to work?"

"As we were walking toward the station—there are Elevated pillars on New Utrecht Avenue—I saw my husband in back of one of them, and my sister did, too."

"What, if anything, happened after you got to work?"

"When I got to work I called up the police at the Sixty-sixth Precinct station in Brooklyn and I told them that I had seen him and that I was very frightened that he would do something to me. And I spoke to one of the detectives there at the precinct and he told me not to worry."

"Now, did you get a telephone call from your husband on December 9th at your place of business?"

"Yes, he called that very morning."

"What did he say to you?"

"He said he was watching me, he knew everything, he knew when I went to work, and that he did not aim right the first time but that when he would aim again he would kill me."

"Did you tell the police about that?"

"I usually spoke to Lieutenant Giddings. He always answered the telephone there. I told him please to send somebody, to please have somebody escort me home, that I was afraid, that I knew something terrible was going to happen to me, and he said that I should not worry."

"And when was the next time you saw your husband?"

"Well, maybe a few days later. I used to see him on Thirty-ninth Street lurking in hallways and behind cars, and I also saw him at the Times Square station one night when I was going home."

"Now, how often did your husband telephone you at your place of business?"

"He called every single day."

"And after he telephoned you, what did you do?"

"I always called the Sixty-sixth Precinct and spoke to some detective there, and I used to repeat everything that he would say to me, and I would ask them to please send somebody to escort me home and take me to work. And they said they would, that I should not worry."

"Now, you said that on one occasion you saw him in the Times Square subway station. Just about when was that?"

"I believe it was between the Christmas and New Year's holiday, one of those days that come between those holidays."

"What did you do when you saw him?"

"I flew down the steps and I paid my fare, and there is another flight of steps that you have to go down to go to the trains, and during the rush hour there is a guard there that stands there all the time, and I went and stood right next to him, and he saw that I was very frightened."

"What did you say to him?"

"I told him, 'I am so frightened, my husband is following me. I knew he is going to do something terrible to me. Please, could I stand next to you?' And he said that I could not stay there because of the people that were going down the steps at that time."

"Was this the rush hour?"

"Yes. He pointed to a pillar that was very close by and said that I should stand there until my train came in and that he would watch me from where he was, and then the West End express pulled in and I got into the train and I went home."

"Was there any occasion about that time when you saw your husband on the platform at the Fifty-fifth Street station in Brooklyn?"

"Yes, I saw him. Yes. About a week and a half after I went back to work, it must have been around December 20th, around that time."

"Did you tell the police about that?"

"It was Lieutenant Giddings. He promised he would send two detectives to the office, that I should wait for them after work, and that they would be there and I should not go home until they arrived."

"Who waited with you until the detectives arrived?"

"My sister. She came every evening and escorted me home."

"Did the detectives drive you home?"

"Yes. I told them about all the threatening calls, I told them what he had said to me on the telephone, that he was going to kill me, that I had better start saying my prayers, and I told them about the five days that I had been away from home that he had kidnapped me, and I related all the times that I used to see him on Fifty-fifth Street, and the times that I saw him on Thirty-ninth Street, and I related almost every little incident to them, because the ride is rather long to Brooklyn from Thirty-ninth Street."

"All right. Now, on December 30th did you go anywhere?"

"Yes, I did. I went to see Police Inspector Reynolds at the Bergen Street headquarters."

"Who did you go there with?"

"My brother-in-law."

"What did you say to Mr. Reynolds?"

"I told him that I had to go to work and that my husband called me every day and he had shot me and that I knew that he was going to do something terrible to me and that he called me every day and I—"

"Just take your time."

"I cannot catch my breath."

"Take your time. There is no hurry."

"I told him that I had to go to work because I had old parents, and I was very afraid to ride on a train and that there was nobody to help me, that I came to him, to please help me and do something for me."

"All right. What did Inspector Reynolds do or say?"

"He asked me for the precinct, I told him it was the Sixty-sixth Precinct, and he asked somebody to get them on the telephone and he spoke to Lieutenant Giddings. He asked for him."

"What did you hear him say to Lieutenant Giddings?"

"I heard him say, 'There is a young lady here, Olga Trapani Rocco, she is in a hysterical condition. She is cry-

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ing and she is pleading with me to please help her. She told me that she has reported that she was shot on November 1st and that her husband calls her and he threatens her daily, and that she has seen him many times'—and he repeated the story and the threats I had told him about, how he said he was going to aim right, and then he [Reynolds] said, 'What are you doing? Waiting for a homicide?' Then he told them to have some detectives at my home, and then he hung up and he told me that I would find the detectives there when I got home."

"Did the detectives come to your home that evening?"

"Yes."

"What detectives were they? What were their names?"

"I believe they were Detectives Cooperman and Kahn and McNally, and there was Detective O'Brien there, too."

"What did the detectives say to you at your home that evening?"

"They told me that I should not be frightened, that they were going to protect me and that they would guard me when I went to work and that nothing was going to happen to me."

"Well, now, the next day, December 31st, did you leave your home with someone at the usual time in the morning?"

"Yes. With my sister."

"Did you see any detectives that morning?"

"No."

"Now, on the subway train, did you notice the girl that you now know to be Pearl Lusk?"

"Yes, I did."

"Where was that girl when you first noticed her?"

"She was on the platform, waiting for the train to come in."

"What did you notice about her?"

"She was carrying a box, a rather large box, and it was wrapped, Christmas wrappings, and it had something that protruded at one end of the box."

"About what size was the box?"

"A little larger than a shoe box."

"At that time, did you have any recollection that you had ever seen her before?"

"No."

"Did you speak to her?"

"No."

"Did she speak to you?"

"No."

"Did you notice her at any time in the car?"

"Yes."

"Where did she sit?"

"It was across from me but with her back toward the front of the train."

"Now, did your sister continue to Times Square?"

"No."

"Where did she get off?"

"She got off at Thirty-fourth Street."

"All right. Now, when the doors opened at Times Square station, just what happened?"

"Well, I took about three or four steps, walking toward the Fortieth Street exit, and all of a sudden—"

"On the platform?"

"On the platform. And all of a sudden I heard a very loud blast and I felt a very sharp pain in my left leg, and I bent down to sort of hold it and I reeled over and fell down on my back, and then I remember people running toward me and I remember a gentleman bending over, and I remember a girl, and the girl was Pearl Lusk."

"You say you—"

"The girl who had been sitting in the train. She bent over me and she said—"

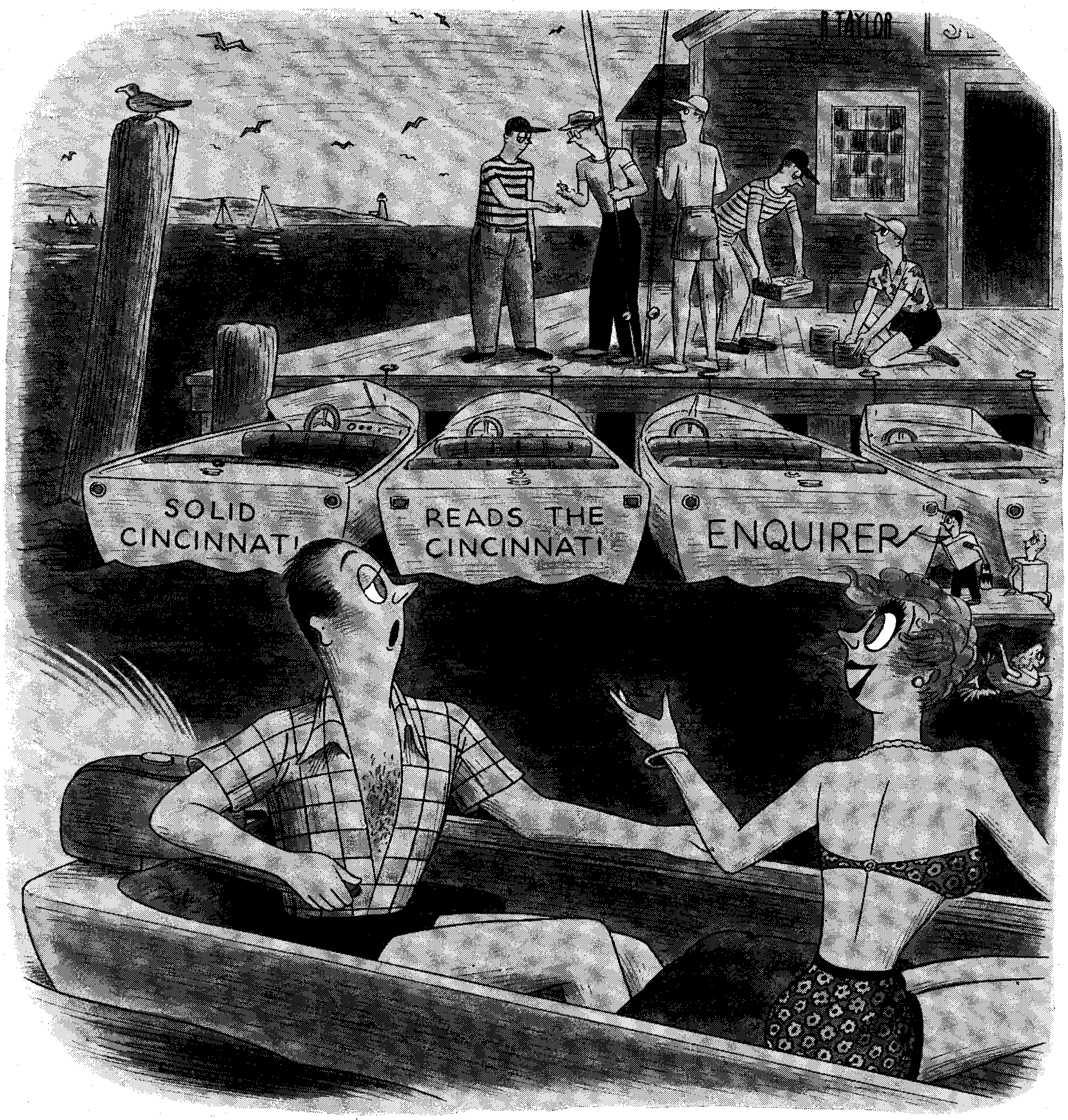
"Now, get control of yourself. What did you notice about yourself?"

"I did not feel my leg—it just didn't feel like it was there—and I was practically swimming in blood."

"From what part of your body were you swimming in blood?"

"All under me, all of me, and I remember talking to a subway guard. He asked me for my name, and he asked me for my telephone number, and I gave it to him, and then I remember being put on a stretcher and being carried up the steps, and I also remember being in the ambulance when they took me to the hospital, and I was in the emergency room there, and I remember they cut off my clothes, and the next morning they cut off my leg six inches above my knee."

AFTER the shooting, Pearl was taken to the West Thirtieth Street station house, where she told her story and was shown a photograph of Olga and Rocco that had been snapped in a night club before their marriage. In the photograph, Rocco was grinning expansively, and, dressed in a pencil-striped suit, a white shirt, and a flowered tie, he looked happy and prosperous. "That's the man," said Pearl. "He even has the same clothes on." While the police were looking for Rocco, they tried to find out what they could about him. Neither Olga nor her parents could tell them much. All they knew was that he had met Olga at a dance in Brooklyn in 1944 and had married her after a brief courtship. He would disappear sometimes for weeks and return with lots of spending money—and, as often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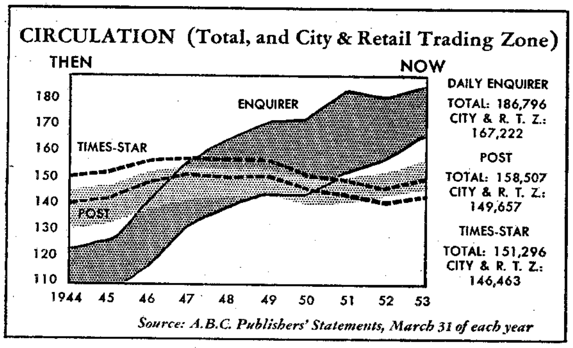
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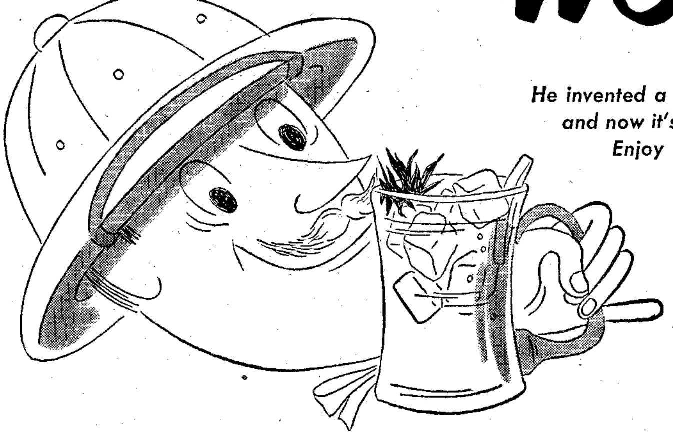

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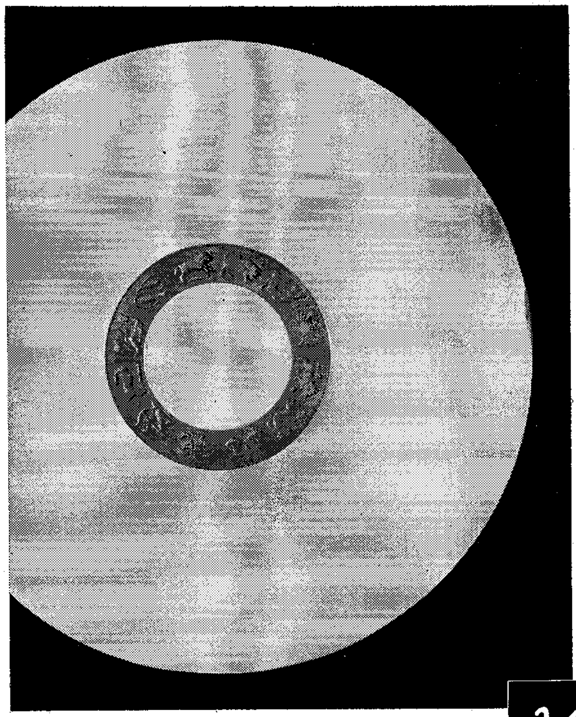

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as not, a new car. He was fond of hunting and camping, and once or twice went away by himself for a weekend in the Catskills, taking along a shotgun and a sleeping bag. He had never talked about his background, and was vague about how he made his living. He was very jealous of Olga. After some violent quarrels, she left him, and it was then that he began telling her that he would kill her if she didn't come back to him.

The police discovered that in 1938 Rocco had been in the business of stealing automobiles in Manhattan and selling them in the Bronx. He had been arrested for that and had served a term in Bronx County. He had no other criminal record. The probation report made on him at that time noted that his parents had died when he was a child and that he had been brought up in orphanages and foster homes. "He denies the use of narcotics and does not drink to excess," the report went on. "He admits sexual promiscuity. He is not a member of any organized social group and states that he has few friends. He is inclined to be self-condemnatory and thinks he received a poor 'break' in life. He attributes his actions to the lack of helpful guidance from his elders. He was pleasant and agreeable and showed no unusual reactions or ideas. He appeared to be of dull, normal intelligence." The report quoted a statement from the psychiatric ward at Bellevue Hospital, which said that Rocco "was not insane and not mentally defective, average intelligence, no delusions or hallucinations, emotionally cheerful."

Six days after the shooting in the subway, Rocco's trail was picked up in the Catskills, where, riding in a stolen car, he forced a number of farmers at the point of a gun to give him food. Fifty state police and two New York detectives found his car parked on the side of a mountain road, and soon afterward discovered Rocco in a sleeping bag under a spruce tree. It was night, and there was snow ten inches deep. The police called to Rocco to surrender, and one of them fired a warning shot into the air. Rocco fired four times in the direction of the flash and then was killed when the police opened up. Among the things taken from his pockets was a print of the photograph of Olga and himself in the night club.

Pearl and Olga afterward became friends, and they still see each other occasionally. Pearl has married and is raising a family. Olga barely manages to earn a living selling costume jewelry. For years, she had hopes of obtaining some compensation for the loss of her leg, because she and her lawyers be-

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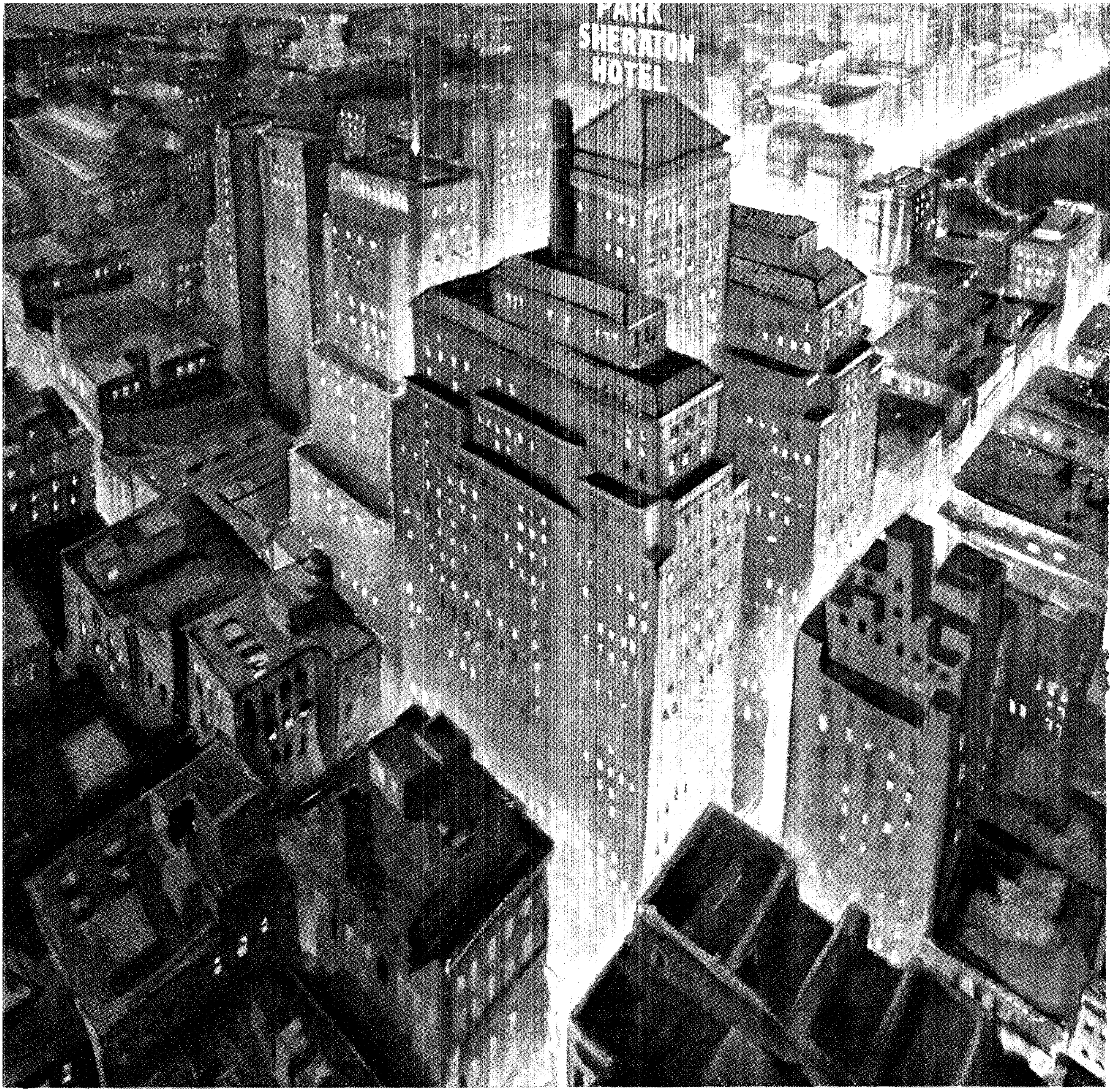

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lieved that the police had been negligent in not protecting her from Rocco. Last April, the case came up in the New York County Supreme Court in the form of a suit for $200,000 damages brought by Olga, as plaintiff, against the City of New York, as defendant. The trial lasted for five days and was presided over by Justice Joseph A. Cox. Olga hobbled to the witness stand on crutches, and told her story once more. Various detectives corroborated those portions of it that had to do with her efforts to have them protect her from Rocco. Pearl, too, told her story again. The City of New York, represented by Assistant Corporation Counsel William F. Miller, made no effort to deny, or obscure, the facts of the case, and Justice Cox, after hearing all of them, dismissed Olga's claim. It was the facts of the case that were against Olga. Nobody denied that the Police Department had been informed that Rocco was trying to kill Olga. If Rocco himself had followed her into the subway and shot her, Olga might conceivably have had a case against the city on the ground of police negligence, but, as Mr. Miller argued, that was not what had occurred. He seemed to find it difficult to settle on an adjective that adequately described the scheme that Rocco, in his jealousy, had thought up. "The facts in this case," Mr. Miller said at one point, "indicate that this plaintiff was shot by another passenger on the subway system, a woman unknown and unsuspected—by the name of Pearl Lusk—under the most unsuspicious and unanticipated, bizarre and fantastic circumstances." Almost as if he regretted having to rub this in, he added, "There was absolutely no legal duty on the part of the city to this plaintiff to afford her any protection from Pearl Lusk, an unidentified, unknown individual, concerning whom no one knew anything, concerning whom it is not even attempted to be claimed here by the plaintiff that the Police Department had any notice. She was unknown even to this plaintiff. The only person, apparently, that she was known to was Rocco himself, under an assumed name. She did not even know the relationship between Rocco and this plaintiff. There was absolutely no duty upon the part of the city to provide protection to this plaintiff against any such unknown and unsuspected individual."

Olga's attorney argued as best he could, but it was soon evident that no amount of circumlocution could get around the facts. When Justice Cox rendered his decision, he found it necessary to recite those same facts once

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more. "The proof is clear," he said in a level tone, "that a woman unknown to the plaintiff was duped into carrying an ordinary-appearing package containing a gun with which she shot the plaintiff, believing she was photographing her. In the absence of any proof showing that the defendant [the city] foresaw, or could reasonably have foreseen, such an occurrence and took no effective action to avoid the same, there can be no recovery from injuries received from such an assault." When, after some little time, he got around to announcing his decision, he made it clear that although the case was dismissed, it was not necessarily resolved. "In closing," he said, "the Court is constrained to observe that this has been a shocking occurrence, the deed of a criminally diseased mind, and it is most unfortunate that some redress cannot be afforded the plaintiff."

—ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY

•

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Horsefeathers; horse-chestnuts; nuts; that's a lot of noise; bushwa; sez you; phooey; hells bells; aw, spinach; it is all too, too quaint; baloney, applesauce and tripe; rubbish; rats; piffle; the heck with it; "tut, tut;" oh, scissors; I wish he would sit on a rock and get a black eye; they should stick his head in water three times and pull it out twice; few miles, your grand-mother; blooie; bosh; utsnay; a fig for you; gadzooks and gollywogs; oh, rats; fumadiddles; pfui; stuff; run along and peddle your papers; pishy-posh; pish tush; you go 'long; oh, stuff; you Turks can go climb a Halvah tree; go whistle; golly; it's a mercy; tsk! tsk!; aw, shoot; for gosh sakes; my good suffering gosh; good golly; good crimminy cripes; gad-zooks; zowie; dad-burn-it; horrors; holy saints; Holy Crow; mercy; my stars; perish me; great guns; oh, Judas Priest; by jumpin' Jupiter; for crimp's sakes; crimminy; mein Gott im Himmel; gosh all fish-hooks; well, I swan!
—*Book announcement from Rodale Press.*

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Three Tough Little Lambs

ROBERT TAYLOR
COMING

MOST of the peacetime Army barracks I've seen depicted in the movies have been populated by elementary types ill prepared to grapple with even the small intricacies of the manual of arms. But now a picture called "From Here to Eternity" has come along, and it makes the point quite clear that a military establishment between wars can include some complex and difficult people. Never having read James Jones' novel, from which this film derives, I have no idea how closely the celluloid version follows the original. However, the screenplay, by Daniel Taradash, provides all kinds of stimulating stuff, and I think you'll find its description of what goes on in an army when an enemy isn't around surprising, to say the least.

The action of "From Here to Eternity" centers on Schofield Barracks in Hawaii, and the time is the summer before the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. According to this account, the post was a strange one that summer. For instance, the commanding officer of an infantry company is shown to be a man so set on having his company's boxing team win a championship that he persecutes a private who is skilled with his fists because the lad won't go into training. This private is a peculiar lad, too. He plays the bugle with the finesse of a Beiderbecke, is in love with the Army, dreams of marrying a trollop he has encountered in Honolulu, and is haunted by the fact that once, while sparring with a pal, he let go a right that blinded the fellow. Surrounded by a sadistic crew who are, like the captain, determined to force him into the ring, the private is subjected to a series of horrible mistreatments, but he remains impervious to them all until a friend of his is tossed into an Army stockade and presently killed there by a monstrous sergeant. Then the inhibited fighter runs amuck. Montgomery Clift, who plays the private, does a capable job, and so does Burt Lancaster, who figures as the top sergeant in Mr. Clift's outfit. Mr. Lancaster helps to while away his evenings on Oahu by making love to the captain's wife (Deborah Kerr), and the progress of this affair takes up a good deal of footage, as does the affair of Mr. Clift and his doxy (Donna Reed).

As you can see, "From Here to Eternity" has a fairly yeasty content, and in the way of other gratifications it reveals that Frank Sinatra, in the part of Mr. Clift's friend who winds up in the stockade, is a first-rate actor. Directed by Fred Zinnemann, the work often has the same effectively spare quality that made Mr. Zinnemann's "High Noon" an impressive business, and the general atmosphere of Honolulu on the soldiers' nights out is quite convincing. Some of the episodes are perhaps excessively brutal, but Mr. Zinnemann is not, after all, trying to portray the activities of a Beaver Patrol. What he has done is give us a glimpse of the military that is very rare.

IN "Dream Wife" we have an amiable bit of fluff that involves Cary Grant with a career girl (Deborah Kerr) and a Near Eastern princess (Betta St. John). In contrasting the romantic notions of these two ladies, and Mr. Grant's attitude toward them, the film works up some funny episodes, but it does rather labor its point about the independence of Western women and the complaisance of Eastern girls.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

INFLATION IS HERE DEPARTMENT

When the late Adolph Ochs was running the New York *Times*, one of his pressmen named Carr was the proud father of eight children. He dutifully reported every birth to Mr. Ochs personally and was rewarded each time with a bonus of $50.00. One morning he appeared before Mr. Ochs again, hat in hand, and announced cheerfully, "Well, sir, my wife has just presented me with another little Carr." Mr. Ochs produced the expected $50.00 and said dryly, "Might I suggest that you make this new little Carr the caboose?"—*Bennett Cerf in "Laughter Incorporated," published by Garden City Books in 1950.*

The late Adolph Ochs, publisher of "The New York Times," cherished a particular fondness for a rewrite man named Carr. . . . Mr. Ochs showed his appreciation by handing Carr a hundred-dollar bill every time Mrs. Carr presented her husband with a new heir or heiress. Eight times he shelled out without a murmur, but when Carr announced, "Well, sir, our ninth child was born this morning," Mr. Ochs produced his pocketbook with some reluctance and remarked dryly, "I suggest that you make this Carr the caboose!" —*Bennett Cerf in This Week, May 24, 1953.*

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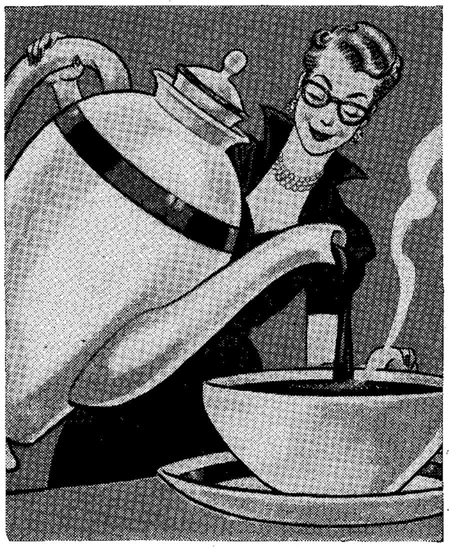
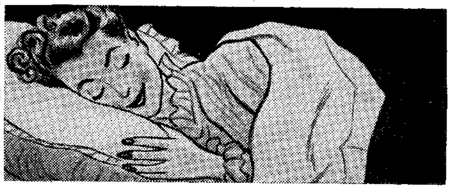


I get all the sleep I need!"



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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JULY 31

ONLY Mr. Dulles among government officials has expressed any pride or satisfaction in the terms of the Korean armistice, and only the information services of his department, which speak nowadays in soft and barely audible voices, are disputing the Communist claim that Communism won the war. Hardly anyone here is saying that we won; in fact, hardly anyone here is saying anything about either the war or the peace. The general mood was most accurately reflected in the remarks broadcast by the President immediately after the signing of the truce, when he said he could find consolation only in the fact that a bloody business was over at last and in the hope that someday Americans would be able to extricate themselves from the tangle of events on the remote and uncongenial peninsula that has been the scene of so much American grief. The President's talk was short, and his Wednesday news conference, at which he might have amplified his remarks, was, for unstated reasons, cancelled. The lack of comment from the President's office since last Sunday night has put the White House right in the swim with the rest of Washington; thus far, the most conspicuous reaction to the truce has been silence. This may or may not be the only American war that has ended short of conquering the enemy (it all depends on definitions and on whether one chooses to overlook the War of 1812, which ended in a settlement that many Americans regarded as a pretty bad deal for our side), but it is certainly the only war that has not ended in speeches. Congress greeted the armistice with a torrent of talk about immigration policies, shipping problems, and a proposed investigation—it would be the second in less than a year—of tax-exempt foundations. A few congressmen, badgered by reporters and unable to resist, have given out statements to the press, but none of them have been notable for firmness, boldness, or imagination. Representative Dewey Short, of Missouri, spoke for many when he said, "I hope for the best."

The silence conceals—or, rather, fails to conceal—an almost universal pessimism. It afflicts both those who, like Mr. Dulles, feel that the truce itself will be a considerable victory if the Communists, who accused us of eight violations of it the first day, abide by its terms and those who regard it as a first-class defeat. "If we had won the war," an editorial in Colonel Robert R. McCormick's *Times-Herald* said, "our flags would be flying along the Yalu River, the Chinese Communists would have been driven out of the peninsula, Korea would be reunited, and Syngman Rhee would be the happiest man in Asia." Since none of these things happened, or is likely to happen, the *Times-Herald* and the many congressmen who share its views in this matter are sunk in gloom. But their gloom is not much darker or deeper than the gloom of those who are, on the whole, glad that the war ended when and where it did and who are reluctant to elevate Syngman Rhee's happiness to a principle of American foreign policy. The despair, or near despair, of these people is based on their professed inability to see how we can conceivably get any of the things we hope for out of the political conference that will take place three months from now. They feel that we would have a hard enough time of it if we faced only the problem of trying to talk the Communists into seeing and doing things our way, but they also realize that the Communists are far from being the only hazard on the course. Even if we enjoy unexpected success in dickering with the Communists, we shall have to sell our success to Mr. Rhee, who plainly doesn't want to buy it if he can possibly avoid doing so. By having committed himself in advance to the failure of the conference, he has committed us to abandoning the conference if it doesn't progress satisfactorily. (Mr. Dulles said the other day that we, and not he, will be the judge of the meeting's progress, but this was putting a brave face on it, for Mr. Rhee has already shown a remarkable power to influence our judgments.) And even if we have luck with both the North and the South Koreans, it now appears that we shall have to behave in such a way as to please our friends the Japanese, whom all classes and parties of Koreans despise. No doubt other friends will be getting into the act in the weeks ahead.

The common feeling here is that by

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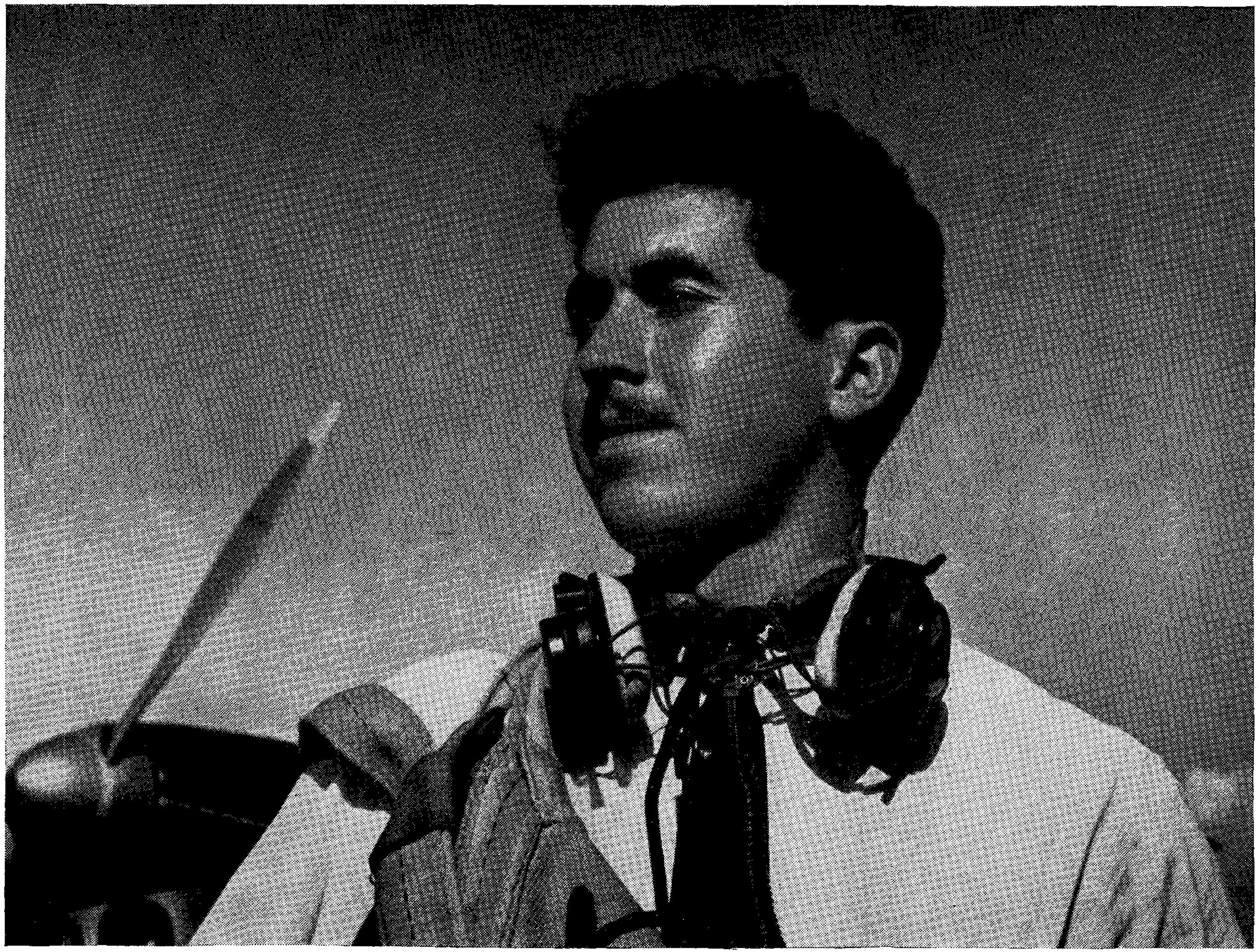

I want to be a pilot . . .

To fly the Atlantic . . . to pilot a mighty airliner . . . these are every boy's daydreams. And to some they come true.

Such a one is 21-year-old Venezuelan Alberto Mennechy y Pulido. He is training for his Commercial Pilot's Licence at Britain's great " University of the Air " at Hamble, on Southampton Water. To this private college come young men from all over the world, learning to be the aircrews and groundcrews of the day after tomorrow.

The college has been in existence for 22 years, during which time 48,000 have passed out successfully, including those trained for the R.A.F. during the war. Courses vary greatly in length and cost. Some students pay their own way entirely ; others, like Señor Mennechey, are assisted financially either by their government or by a commercial airline. Students can train for their Commercial Pilot's Licence, their Senior Commercial Pilot's Licence, or their Air Transport Pilot's Licence. Alternatively, they can qualify as groundcrew.

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In times of past trouble, the Hawker Siddeley Group has lent strength to this Nation and its allies in the defence of freedom. Today the Group builds the 'planes, and the engines to power them, that police our skies. Five on super priority order are, the Hawker Hunter, the Gloster Javelin, the Avro Vulcan, the Armstrong Siddeley Sapphire and Double Mamba.

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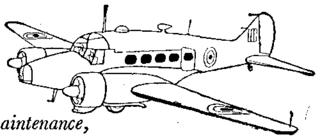

There are usually about 300 students in residence at Hamble. Anyone who would care to join them . . . who is seeking a career in flying, navigation, aircraft maintenance, radio or specialist marine radio . . . is cordially invited to write for a prospectus to The Commandant, Air Service Training Ltd., Hamble, Nr. Southampton.

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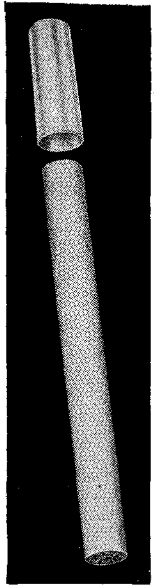

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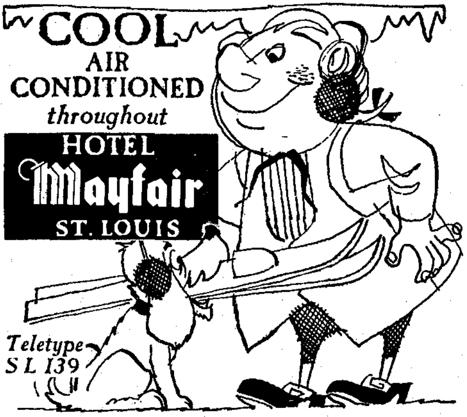

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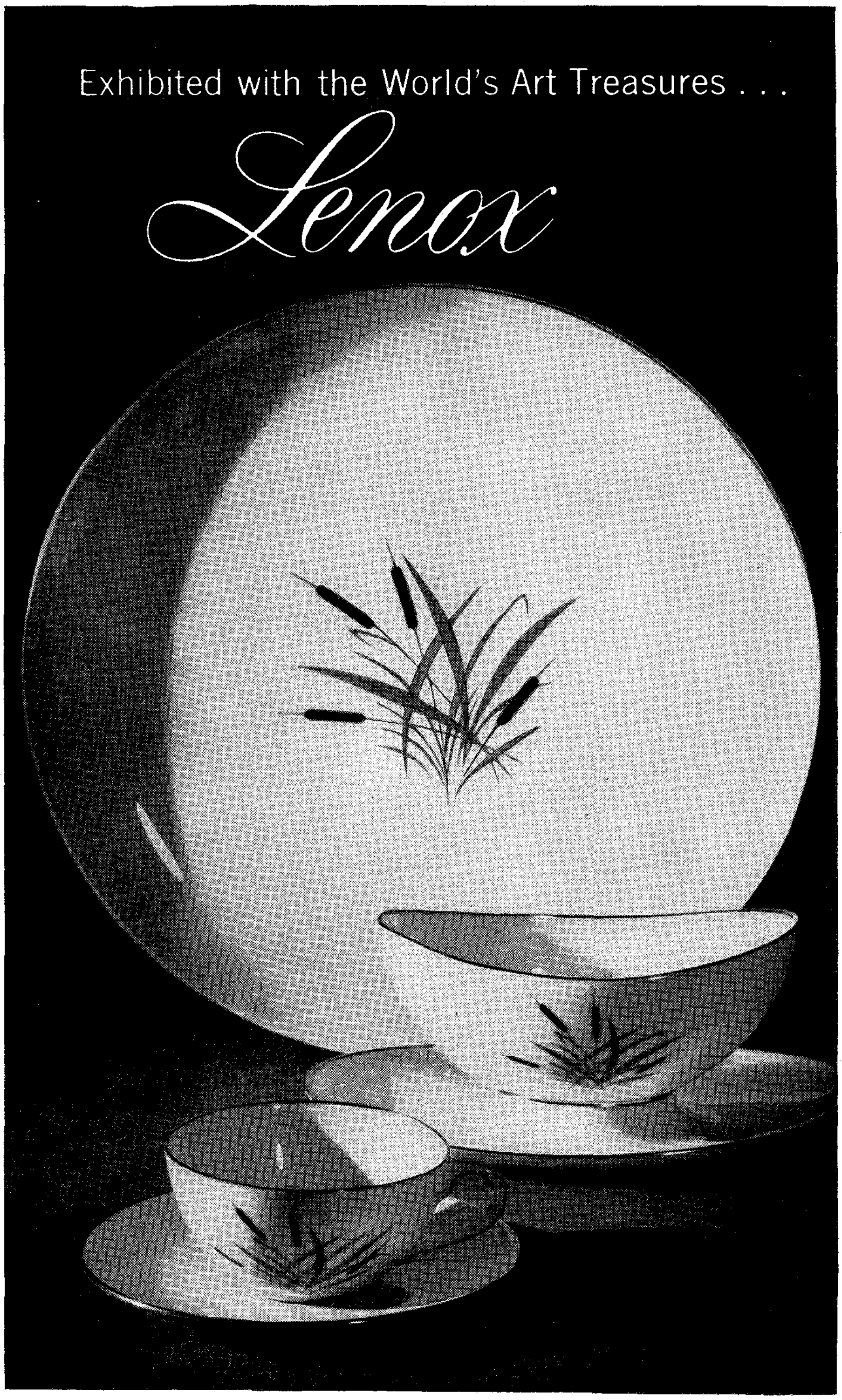
far our greatest difficulties will come from Mr. Rhee. It seems reasonably clear that the Communists, for their own bad reasons, have decided that war is not the instrument of policy they choose to employ—for the present, at least. If they had decided otherwise, it is assumed, they would not have bothered to go through with the final stages of the truce negotiations. Indeed, some people think that the Chinese may be amenable to the unification of Korea on terms that we could accept. Syngman Rhee, however, is far from persuaded that any means but war can succeed. "We and the whole world will come to fully realize the futility of a peaceful means in settling our problems," he said three days ago, which was two days after the truce had been signed, and he went on to say that when this realization has dawned, "we will be able to pursue our own method of achieving unification." Stuck with these words, Mr. Rhee is in a position where any success of the conference will turn into a disaster for him, and he is not the sort to let the tide of events roll over him. He has already taken care of the possibility of Communist agreement to unification and the holding of Korean elections by saying that he will tolerate only an election to fill the twenty-three seats his Parliament has held open over the years for representatives of Koreans living north of the Thirty-eighth Parallel. In other words, he will accept only elections that could not result in the retirement of his government. (His government was very nearly retired by South Korean voters in 1950, shortly before the war began.) We, of course, are not bound to any such program as this, but we are bound to Mr. Rhee in any number of ways, and it is hard to see how we can make a success of a conference he is determined must not succeed.

Mr. Dulles will devote next week to an attempt to deal with the Rhee problem, and the gravity of his view of it is measured by the fact that he wanted to take four leaders of the Senate along on his trip to Seoul. This was an extraordinary proposal, and one gathers that it was put forward by the Secretary of State not simply because he believed that Mr. Rhee would be impressed by the size and weight of the delegation; the Secretary fears that nothing at all will impress Mr. Rhee except the facts of the situation, and for that reason he wanted to be able to share the responsibility for the failure he anticipates. Presumably, Mr. Dulles will try to bring Mr. Rhee into line by explaining that he cannot expect further American military and economic aid unless he approaches the political conference in a spirit of reasonableness and compromise. But even if Mr. Rhee valued American aid above all other things, and even if he did not stand to lose face by any success of the conference, it is doubtful whether he would find this a very formidable argument. The fact is that although the Korean war has been highly unpopular with Americans in general, it has left the entire country with a sense of moral obligation toward the Republic of Korea, and Mr. Rhee, if he is being at all well advised about American opinion, must know that a good deal of sympathy for his position and a good deal of admiration for his tough, unbending character exist in this country. Millions of Americans would think it pretty shoddy of their government to make rehabilitation funds or arms for Korean defense contingent upon the readiness of Korea's President to do as we tell him, and Rhee is undoubtedly aware of the extra bargaining power this gives him.

The problems of the political conference that do not involve Mr. Rhee are all large and redoubtable, but it is commonly thought here that if the Rhee problem can somehow be cracked, the others can be, too. The composition and agenda of the conference are to be determined at next month's meeting of the United Nations General Assembly in New York. It seems likely that most of our proposals, which the State Department is in the process of formulating, will win acceptance. Our position in the United Nations is a lot better now that the truce has been signed; the conclusion of the Panmunjom negotiations allayed the fear of many nations that we were enjoying the Korean war and actually desired to see it spread to other parts of Asia. This improvement in our standing is evident in a lessening of the demand from overseas for the immediate admittance of Communist China to the United Nations, and in a general falling off of criticism of our behavior. The question of Peiping's entry will, of course, be raised again, and the intensity of feeling about it in this country will make it a hot issue for the administration to handle, but the conviction of most observers is that it can be settled in time. Mr. Dulles, who for many years has held the personal belief that the Chinese Communists must eventually be represented, dealt with the question at length in a press conference the other day. While he appeared to be pledging the government to bitter-end opposition, he hedged a bit when asked directly whether he advocated using our Security Council veto to keep Peiping out, and he has not yet gone on record as favoring this drastic step. In answer to one question about China and the United Nations, he indicated that in his mind the important thing was not to keep Communist China out of the United Nations but to keep her from having a seat on the Security Council, a step that would, of course, entail removing Nationalist China from that body. Since the permanent presence of a Chinese government on the Security Council is written into the United Nations' charter, and since amendments to the charter can be vetoed, the possibility of denying a Security Council seat to any form of Chinese government, while attractive to many people, seems remote, if not nonexistent. (It was over the opposition of the British, who are now the principal advocates of Communist China's entry into the United Nations, and at the insistence of President Roosevelt that China was placed on the Security Council in the first place. The British could now scarcely oppose China's removal from the Council—if a means could be found for bringing it about—and the Eisenhower administration could justify its course by the claim, which would encounter little argument from anyone equipped to discuss the matter objectively, that the Roosevelt administration was not guided by political realism when it attempted to make China a first-class power by giving her first-class status in the United Nations.) What could rather easily happen, though, is that the General Assembly could review and reject the credentials of the Formosa Chinese and accept those of the Peiping Chinese. Such a compromise, which would call attention to flaws in the veto system, might open the way for ultimate reorganization, but it would be a potent source of exacerbation in the meanwhile.

The administration's freedom of action in all these matters is limited almost as much by some of the commitments it has made in this country as by its promises to Syngman Rhee. From the standpoint of domestic politics, however, the truce has come at a fairly auspicious time. Congress is on the point of adjourning—it might conceivably have adjourned today but for the news, received this morning, of the death of Senator Taft—which means that during the period in which the most delicate negotiations are taking place, no



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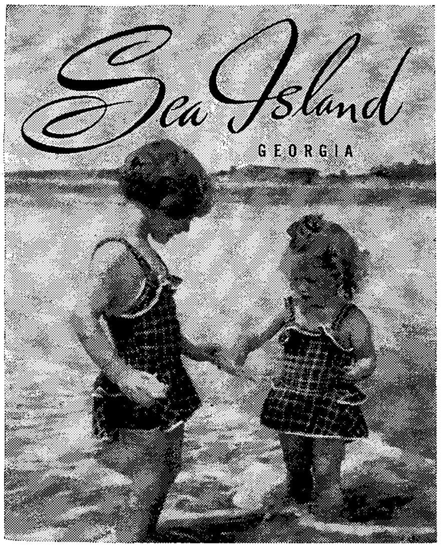

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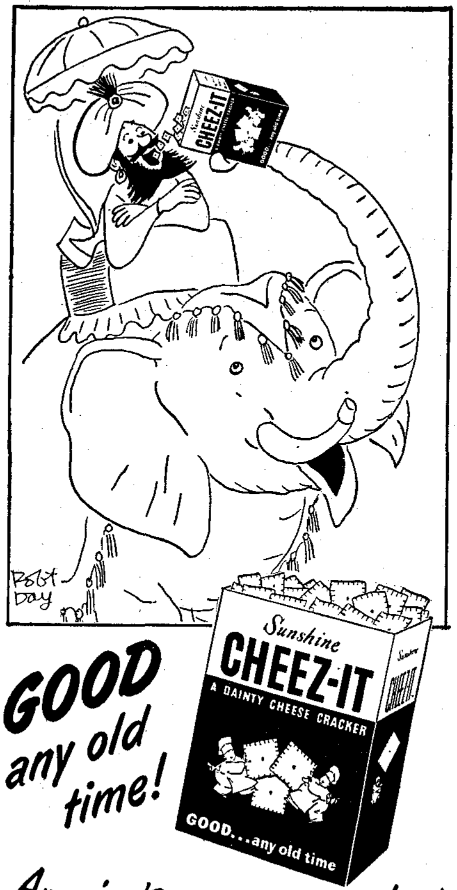

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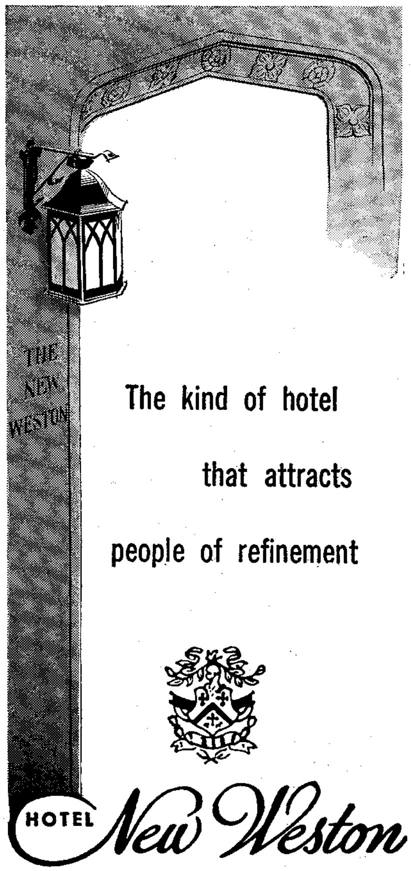
one will be able to turn the House and Senate floors into platforms of dissent. Moreover, the extreme anti-Eisenhower bloc in Congress is somewhat in disorder at present, thanks to the low estate its most widely publicized member, Senator McCarthy, has fallen to—temporarily, at least. Some administration leaders are hopeful that when Congress reassembles, there will be less criticism of President Eisenhower's foreign policies than there has been in the session now ending. They believe that when the congressmen go out and mingle with their constituents for several months, they will learn that most voters approve of the truce, even though their approval may be in contradiction to their views about the wisdom of the settlement being contemplated, and that, in fact, the country will accept the ending of the Korean war as the first major accomplishment of the Republican administration. Up to now, the administration has not tried to link the signing of the truce to its campaign promises to bring about an end to the war, for its spokesmen are painfully aware that this isn't quite the kind of end that the Republican leaders, who in their platform had criticized the Truman administration for lacking "the will to victory," were talking about. They are also aware, though, that in the public mind the central fact is that the shooting has stopped. To be sure, it has taken quite a while to stop it, and its end has apparently come as the result of negotiations begun by President Truman (whose terms, however, were harsher and who, as Senator Douglas, of Illinois, recently pointed out, would have been flayed from one end of Washington to the other if he had accepted the present agreement), but in the perspective of 1954 and 1956 the truce will appear as one of the early developments in the history of the Eisenhower administration, and if we are not reëngaged in Korea or on some other battlefield by that time, Republican candidates will surely wish to take credit for the event. It is unquestionably the administration's present hope that Republican members of the Eighty-third Congress will see the possibilities for taking this credit in the course of their visits home this summer, and that there will therefore be less tension between the Republican executive and Republican legislators when Congress meets again.

But hopes of this nature are expressed only when there is a psychological need for relief from the apprehensions of the moment. It may be that most people in Washington are exag-



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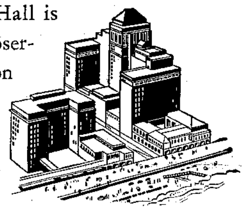

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gerating the darkness of the outlook, but if they are taking exceedingly black views, they have good authority for doing so. "Judging from the statements of Secretary Dulles," the Washington *Post* said yesterday morning, "the truce at Panmunjom has merely opened a Pandora's box of new troubles." The Dulles statements the *Post* was talking about are the ones he made in his press conference, following his relatively hopeful broadcast Sunday night, in which he had pointed out that aggression had been turned back and the principle of collective security vindicated in the Korean war. Perhaps these two achievements vastly outweigh in importance all the diplomatic difficulties now confronting us. But it is beyond dispute that Washington's mind this week is on the troubles it faces and not on those it has averted.

T. V. SMITH, the academic philosopher who served briefly and brilliantly as a Democratic congressman from Illinois, once described Robert A. Taft as "a man full of character." It was a simple enough tribute but a great one, and closer to the essential truth about Taft than all the talk about the Senator's integrity and courage and rectitude. It was the despair of Taft's political managers that he lacked a politically marketable personality; he could never develop one, because his character kept getting in the way. The words that would have made him seem a good fellow always stuck in his throat. Words that made him seem a bad fellow kept popping out—as when, for example, he gave his classic formula for meeting the challenge of high food prices: "Eat less." He was an odd, improbable, fascinating combination of sweet reasonableness and ungovernable passion. The public thought of him as a dogmatist, but behind the tough and self-assured rhetoric was a questioning mind, and one more familiar with doubt than with certitude. The chilliness the public sensed in him was an illusion. He liked people very much and was shy and careful in all his relationships. He was restrained because he knew that there was a great deal in him that needed restraining. Sometimes he went out of control and the spectacle was unlovely. Above everything else, he was unique, identifiable, typical only of himself. Few saw their own image in him, or their father's, or their brother's, and that is probably why he died a senator. It is also why he will be remembered.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

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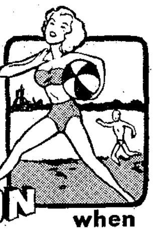

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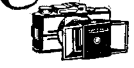

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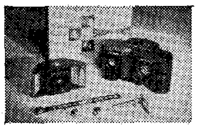

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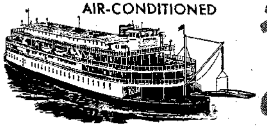

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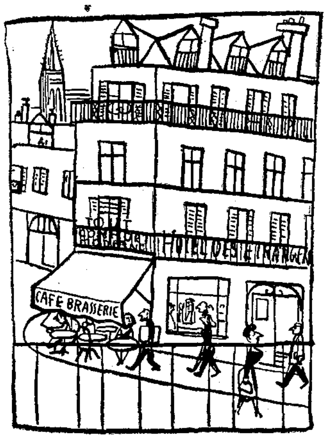
PLUMB PURTY

ONE day in the summer of 1932, when my wife and I, on our way back to New York from a vacation in Florida, were driving through sparsely settled country near Lake Okeechobee, one of our tires blew out. It was midafternoon. We were miles from the nearest settlement. The dirt road we had been following was scarcely more than a lane bordered by dusty clumps of shrubs, growing close enough together to be almost a continuous hedge. At irregular intervals, ragged trees stood behind the bushes, like tall spectators among the other watchers of a parade.

By good fortune, our car—it was a roadster and we had the top down—came to a stop in the spotty shade of a tree, but, even so, the thought of changing a tire in that heat made me quail. We decided to sit there and rest in the dead, shimmering silence until the sun was lower.

An hour crept by. Then around a bend in the road about a hundred feet ahead of us came a rickety farm wagon, pulled by a bony old mule. A man, a woman, and two little boys sat huddled together on the seat. As they came closer, we saw that they were all barefoot, and that the wagon was filled with a pitiful collection of household furnishings and a few farm tools. The mule, his eyes nearly closed against the sun and the dust, poked along at a pace just about sufficient to be considered motion. The thin wheels of the wagon gave out a perfunctory squeak at each revolution, and turned with a slow wobble that made the wagon lurch lazily from side to side.



As the mule came alongside our car, he stopped. He stood with his head hanging low, his eyes closed, and his forefeet spread apart as though he were bracing himself. The driver, a thin, unshaven man of about thirty, wore a pair of patched and faded overalls and the black felt hat of the Florida cracker. His wife, a rather pretty woman, wore a clean but dowdy gray cotton dress and a blue poke bonnet. The boys were dressed in patched brown shirts, overalls, and straw hats.

The little family sat for some moments looking us over in unabashed and unhurried curiosity. I greeted them, and eventually the man smiled. "Good e'enin'," he said. "Kin I he'p y'all?"

"If you'd like to change my tire for me, I'd be glad to pay you well," I answered.

The man sat for several minutes gravely surveying the blown tire, and then said, "I ain't much of a hand fer fixin' them things, but ef I study about it a little bit, I reckon I could he'p ye." He got down from the wagon and lifted the boys down. "Y'all run around and play now," he said to them gently.

I gave him my tools and jack, and he went to work in a deliberate, cautious manner, stopping from time to time to study the job intently. "You know," he said to me, "I ain't fixed nary tire like this'n before. Better keep a eye on me less'n I mess it up on ye."

Later, he told me that his name was Billy Joe Wren, and that he had been born and brought up in that section of the country.

"You look as though you're moving," I said, nodding toward the wagon.

"Yessuh, we had to git out of our old house back yonder," he answered, in an even, matter-of-fact tone. "The owner's son done got married. He driv up to the door fust thing this mo'nin' and told us he was a-movin' in. So we jest moved out."

"Have you another place to go?" I asked.

"Reckon so," he said. "There was an empty house down this road a piece. Ef it's *still* empty, we'll jest stay there till I git another tenen house."

I remembered passing a small, apparently empty cabin in a bad state of disrepair about two miles back.

WHILE the young man worked, my wife tried, without much success, to engage his wife in conversation. Billy Joe apologized for her shyness, saying, "Willie Mae ain't much of a hand fer talkin', Ma'am, but she's shore studyin' that purty dress you're a-wearin'. Reckon that's a real bought dress, ain't it?"

My wife nodded, and thanked him for the compliment.

"Willie Mae ain't never had nary bought dress," he went on presently. "She makes her'n, but someday, when I git a bit laid by, Willie Mae's gonna get a shore-nuff store dress." He looked up at his wife and said, "Show the lady the pi'ture, Willie Mae, honey."

The young woman blushed, and, reaching under a quilt that covered the wagon seat, brought out a folded piece of paper and handed it to her husband, who showed it to us enthusiastically. It was a dog-eared, much-handled page torn from a mail-order catalogue, and on it were colored illustrations of several simple, low-priced house dresses.

"Ain't they plumb purty?" Billy Joe asked. "Here's the one Willie Mae likes. She'd shore look good in that'n. She'd have all the other wimmen stood back." We agreed that she would.

Later, when he had finished changing the tire, I took out my wallet to pay him. I was standing with him in the road, and I saw that behind him my wife was frantically signalling me. Knowing I am a reasonably frugal man, she was, she told me later, afraid I would pay no more than the fifty cents which at that time was the standard charge for roadside tire-change service. But actually, though I was not sure I understood the signal, we were thinking the same thing. Both of us wanted Willie Mae to have the dress in the mail-order catalogue, but, confronted with her husband's simple dignity, I didn't know how I'd be able to pay him more than the job was worth without offending him. I knew that anything like patronage would be as abhorrent to him as it would be distasteful to me.

I took a ten-dollar bill from my wallet, folded it so as to conceal the denomination, and gave it to him. To my discomfort, he opened it, glanced at it, and looked at me steadily. "This is right smart of money for the little I done ye," he said, handing the bill back to me. "Hit ain't Christian to take money like this, and I cain't take it, thank ye."

"I understand how you feel, Mr. Wren," I said, trying to conceal my embarrassment, "but you've done us much more of a service than you may think. Besides, we'll feel bad if you don't take it, because"—I lowered my voice—"we'd like to see Mrs. Wren get her store dress."

For a few moments, he gazed off into space, pondering. Then he looked at Willie Mae, and his grave expression dissolved into a faint smile. I pressed the money into his hand.

"Yessuh, thank ye, kindly," he said. "Have ye got a piece of paper I could wrap it in, so's it won't git wet when I sweat?"

I found a letter in the door pocket of the car and gave the envelope to him. My name and address were on it, and

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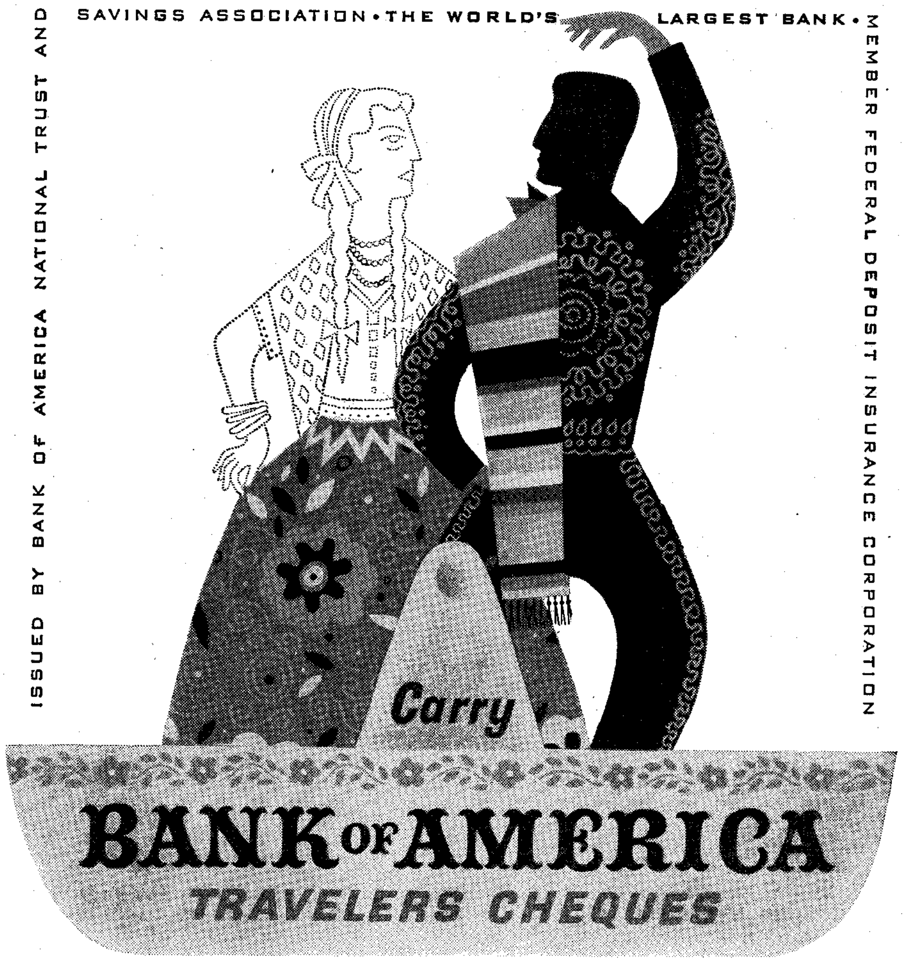

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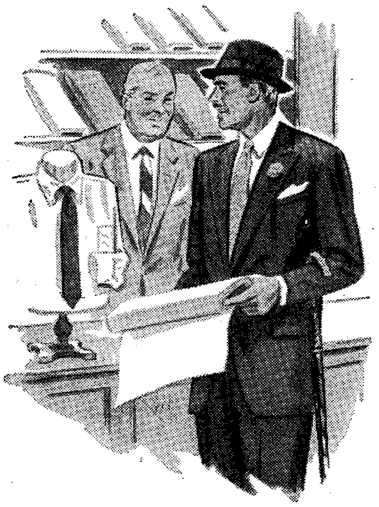

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he studied them and said, "New York! Y'all come from way up the country, don't ye?"

He folded the bill carefully, put it into the envelope, put the envelope into his shirt pocket, and said to his wife, "Call them young 'uns now, honey. We gotta be a-movin' on."

We all said goodbye, and my wife and I watched the Wrens as they rolled off in their creaking wagon.

WE returned to New York. Months passed, and I had all but forgotten the incident when I received a letter from Florida. My address, somewhat sweat-stained, had been cut from the envelope I gave Billy Joe, and pasted upon the face of the envelope bearing the letter. Inside was a sheet of school notepaper on which had been scrawled, with evident effort, "Thank you all. We got a tennen house an Willie Mae got a bort dress. Plum purty." The message was signed "Billy Joe Wren."

—JIM HALLEY

•

EVILS OF DRINK IN THE MYSTERIOUS EAST

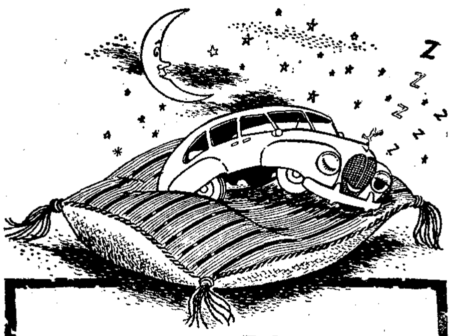
[*From the Siam Rath Weekly Review*]

KNIFE VERSUS GUN IN PADDY FIELD END IN HOSPITAL AND COFFIN RESPECSIVELY.

DRINKING IN PEACE YET LED TO VIOLENT DEATH

Thinking that solitary drinking on a bund in a rice-field would lead to no harmful effect, a man still could not eacape the presence of an intruding friend. Shots rang out because his peaceful drinking was disturbed and the score was: the knife-man went to hospital while the gunman his eternity.

About seven o'clock in the evening of July 3, Nang Hom Yomthong a citizen of Tambon Bang Pai, Amphur Bhasi Charoen, Dhonburi, reported to the police that, while walking home across a paddy-field, her thirty four-year-old husband named Swasdi saw a certain Nai Chong doing solid moonshining all by himself on a rice-field bund. Being a sociable citizen and taking advantage of friendship, Nai Swasdi went straight to him for no ulterior motive than to say hello. Instead of greetings, or may be offered him a couple for the road as friends invariably did, Nai Chong cursed and swore at him like a moonshining trooper and gave him to understand in no uncertain terms that his presence was most unwelcomed. Good citizen as he indubitably was, Nai Swasdi could not stand this maledictory excommunication and reminded him of his past favours for the man. Whereupon Nai Chong got out his equalizer and equalized the disturber of his peace twice in succession, hitting him somewhat low on the legs. Nai Swasdi, not appreciative of this from greeting, rushed to him with his knife and launched him into eternity. Nai Swasdi himself was sent to the Central Hospital in Bangkok.



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THE RACE TRACK

Home Run

JUST when we were all set to punch the time clock at Jamaica last weekend, and sneak away from an interminable and rather dreary meeting, what should come gaily along but the Merchants' and Citizens' Handicap. It was only a three-horse race (I expect we'll be having a number of three-horse races at Saratoga, too), but it turned out to be as exciting as anything I'd seen in more than a month, with Greentree's One Hitter beating Combat Boots in the last stride. Although One Hitter won the Suburban and several other little numbers last season, he hasn't done much this year. He has always been willing, but he's so small. Besides, he's getting on; he's seven, which is pretty old for competition in the handicap division. For all that, he has seldom run more gallantly than he did last Saturday. And Atkinson, who rode him, has seldom done a better job. Combat Boots led for most of the mile and three-sixteenths, but One Hitter kept digging in, and when Combat Boots wavered, One Hitter caught him. Until the numbers went up, though, practically no one thought he'd made it.

The disappointment of the week—to me, among others—was Fisherman in the Albany Stakes. He ran so well at Belmont and Aqueduct that it's hard to explain away his dull performance at Jamaica the other afternoon, when he finished fourth in a field of five. Maybe he takes after his papa, Phalanx, in more than just looks. That one was something of a heartbreak horse, you know. Quick Lunch led all the way in the Albany Stakes, but after the race he walked as if he had sore shins or some such.

THE surprise of the week, I'd say, was the victory of Oil Capitol, Hasty House Farm's gray runner, in the Arlington Handicap in Chicago. His form hasn't been much since he won the Widener Handicap at Hialeah in February, but he must have been by far the best of the lot in the Arlington, for he carried top weight, started last, and took the long way round until he reached the stretch, where he overwhelmed Sub Fleet, who had a big following because he was ridden by Arcaro. Calumet Farm passed up its chance at the purse, which was $84,500, by scratching Hill Gail because the track was so muddy. Earlier in the week, though, Calumet's Real Delight won the Arlington Matron Handicap for the second time, and added $25,250 to the stable's earnings. According to Diogenes Checkpoints' tabulations, Calumet's total to date for 1953 is $777,082. Looks like another million-dollar year.

WORD about racing in England comes from Show Parlay, one of my roving outside men, who saw the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes at Ascot last month. He writes that Pinza, the winner, who had previously won the Epsom Derby, is a strongly built, free-running colt, and that while he is no picture horse, he undoubtedly has high quality. (John Barry Ryan, who looked in at Jamaica the other afternoon, goes a bit further and says Pinza is better than Tulyar, who last year was called the Horse of the Century, or something of the kind.) As for the Stakes, thirteen ran, and, quite unlike the Grand Prix de Paris, in which three or four horses were solidly hemmed in by six or seven of the twenty-two starters, there was no crowding, bumping, or other interference.

Of another race at Ascot, Show Parlay writes: "In a photo finish, Holwood, an unmistakable bay, her rider wearing a bright-scarlet jacket, won by a head—at least, so I thought. I watched the finish closely, as I had backed her, and I was certain she finished no worse than second. Much to my surprise, her number wasn't included in the first four that were hoisted after the judge examined the picture. Had this happened in France, the crowd would probably have set fire to the grandstand, and at home there would have been boos and Bronx cheers for the rest of the afternoon. So I asked an Englishman who had also backed Holwood how come there wasn't even a whisper of protest. 'One never questions the correctness of the decisions of the judge,' he said."

—AUDAX MINOR

•

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

[*From the Washington Post*]

MADISON, WIS. (UP)—Mr. and Mrs. James Martinelli just became the parents of twins, but they'll still have to put on two birthday parties if they stick to the facts.

The first twin, a boy, was born at 11:36 P.M. The second, a girl, was born at 12:08 A.M. the next day.

"There's nothing unusual about what we're doing," one of them said. "Anybody would do as much for a friend."

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FEMININE FASHIONS

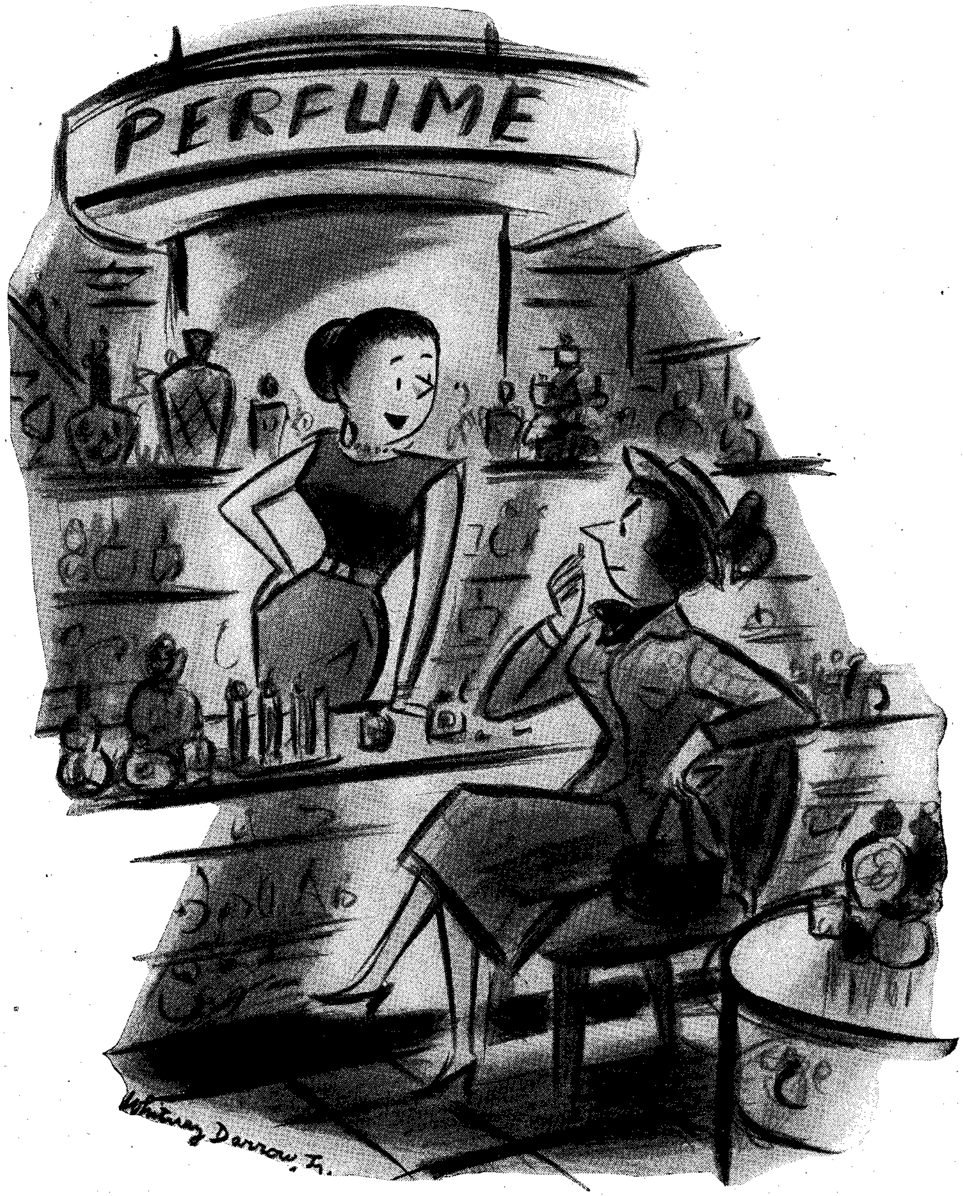
INFORMATION
LASZLO

THE custom milliners' war against the Hat Bar still rages, and no wonder. Charming, inexpensive hats are everywhere, made alluring or manic with flowers and birds and veiling, and talented amateurs do their own decorating of blocked hat shapes, so in their collections of hats for the fall our custom boys and girls have felt compelled (by pride or economics) to reach new heights (often literally as well as figuratively) with cunningly contrived productions so softly and intricately draped that imitation by novices or mass-production methods is just about impossible. The idea seems to be to make the hat again the dominant note of the costume, instead of an accessory. True, there is also a soothing interest in seeing to it that one hat can go with many costumes, and so muted tones (often in combination) of off-whites and grays and taupes and beiges are rampant. But the luxurious look of deep-piled, fuzzy felts and silky velours, satins, pannes, melusines, and soleils gives the new custom hats a feeling of great authority. Kids and capeskins and other glove leathers have become so maneuverable that they can be draped any which way. Sally Victor even does masterpieces in doeskin. (How you keep it clean is your problem.) A super-fuzzy touch is accomplished with old-fashioned beaver, which looks like black or white fox, in a modified tilted busby (chin strap and all) and a flat, tilted sailor beret, both designed by Adolfo, who is now at Emmé. Florell is having fun with a white stuff called Pandora, which looks like angora (it doesn't mat, though), feels like fur, and is undoubtedly related to Teddy-bear plush. For daytime tweed clothes and for wools in general, hats of wool knit and jersey, materials usually associated with the campus and the country club, have never been more prominent, particularly in the establishment of their early champion, Sally Victor, and at John-Fredericks. The casual brimmed hat has also been taken away from the countryside and brought back to the boulevards. Emmé has done some especially fine swashbuckling ones in velours, mostly with contrasting chiffon scarves or pheasant feathers sweeping down past one shoulder.

But the really radical change is not only the height but the depth of hats. Lots of them actually hug the ears, though I had thought that never again would I see a deep, snug hat. Turbans are draped to the nape of the neck; caps cling low in back, and, to make them look even deeper, conical and peaked crowns abound, sometimes tilted to one side, a notion favored by Florell and the new team of Braagaard and Andra. Sally Victor thinks that peaked crowns can look very young indeed on her deep hats, and she proves it with some pixie caps, one of which is even constructed of moleskin. Mr. Fred of John-Fredericks likes his peaks to project well out from the back of the head, and he lets the hair show in front almost to the crown. Scimitar points curve forward from the top of the head down to the lobes of the ears, as in one Mr. Fred hat of mauve jersey with points of matching velours. The backs of such experiments are usually turban-draped and, in accordance with the new trend, descend a long, long way.

AND now for a more detailed analysis:

Sally Victor has been delving into architecture, and the results have a wonderful sweep and cleanness of line. Pillboxes, she has discovered, can look new



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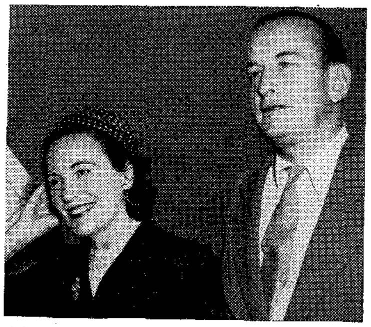

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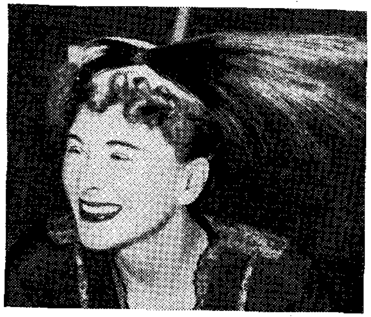

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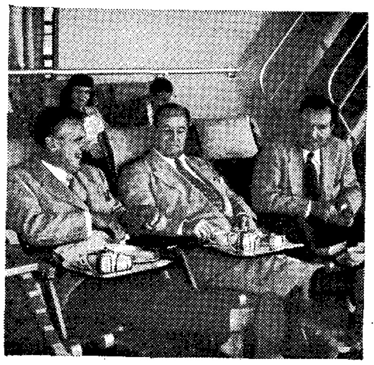

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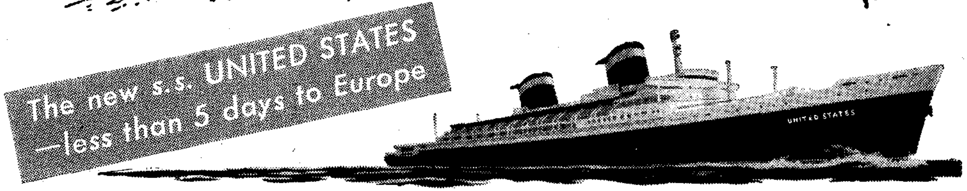

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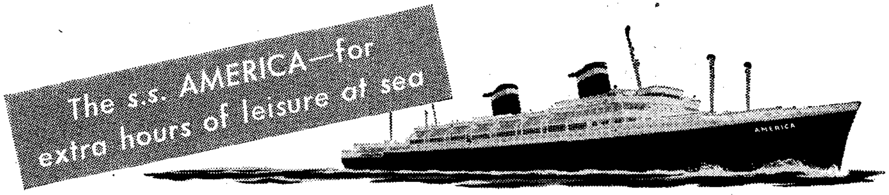

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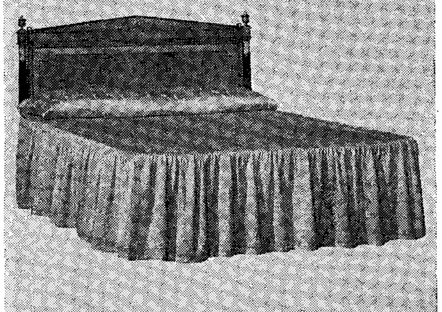

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after all these years. Hers, aptly named Colonnades, are a slice off the top of a Doric, Ionic, or Corinthian pillar; the tops have scalloped edges, and the vertical fluting around the bottom edge is softening and yet arresting all at once. Some of these are fairly deep, too. They're made of shiny black panne or quilted satin, of felt with bands of white, gray, and black yarn encircling them, or of black broadcloth trimmed with jet or combined with patent leather. They are even shown in black capeskin with patent leather around the top edge, and in black soutache embroidery with big jet appliqués. Victor's little youthful hats have peaked crowns, deep backs, and generally small bonnet brims in front. She uses a lot of little round insets of mirror glass or of Tibetan embroidery on a velvet ground on these. Among her packable hats are wondrously designed felts, with deep, inverted accordion pleats descending from the top of deep crowns and then released into sharply undulating brims that show the face but go down in back, sometimes almost to the shoulders. Other triumphs are her stocking caps, with a long, tapered point that dangles. These inventions are of leather with contrasting striped bands around them, or, for evening, of black broadcloth trimmed with jet. Victor's big, soft berets, which are to be worn forward, often shoot wide at the sides like a bicorne or a tricorne. And she's done something special about bonnets; her Archers—one is of a beige felt that resembles seal—are peaked above the forehead and snug over the ears, achieving a brand-new narrow effect.

At John-Frederics, lunatic design and adornments have been abandoned in favor of trim Line. Deep helmet cloches are sometimes constructed of pink velours with a deep, ribbed, sweater band around the edge. Several of his small, snug hats consist of a taupe felt crown with white angora knit coming down over the ears but clearing the brows. Some deep cloches of gray shredded chiffon have grosgrain edges. What Mr. Fred calls the "elongated pillbox" frequently has a hat-on-a-hat look. It starts out with a tiny, puffy plaque worn far back on the head. Extending to the hairline all around is a wide jersey band, puckered slightly at the edges, petticoat style. For evening, he often adds knotted fringe or veiling to his pillboxes. Some plaques are perched on the back of the head behind a flange of smooth felt that comes to a peak in front and ends in deep points

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that cover the ears, almost like a havelock. Striped or checked wool jersey makes deep caps with small brims rolled back in front, as well as matching gloves. One cap also sits back on the head, showing the coiffure in front nearly to the crown of the head, but comes forward in a curve down around the ears; the whole thing has a wide, fat, turban look from the back. And Mr. Fred, like several other custom milliners, is making fur hats *not* primarily to match fur coats but to accompany suits or cloth coats. They are usually teamed with a small matching undercollar or ascot. A hat of Paisley felt, worn well back from the hairline, has a horseshoe arc of fur towering in back; white fox makes a straight-across-the-head stunt whose medium brim is slightly peaked in front; mink or leopard, surrounding a felt or chiffon baby-cap circle, is the basis of deep, close-fitting caps. And one broadtail pillbox has a soft beret top of white ermine. I hope the woman who gets this one is worthy of it, that's all.

EMMÉ and her Adolfo have managed some brimmed hats with a special dash. Black soleil makes a cavalier type, worn well down on one cheek, with a deep V of bright-red ribbon coming from the crown down the lower side of the brim; cheerful small slouch hats ducking down over one eye may be adorned with a yellow pheasant feather shooting downward. Some have pork-pie crowns, others have a deep front-to-back crease, and all of them are, to put it mildly, divine. Then there are modifications of jockey's caps, lying flat across the back of the head and with

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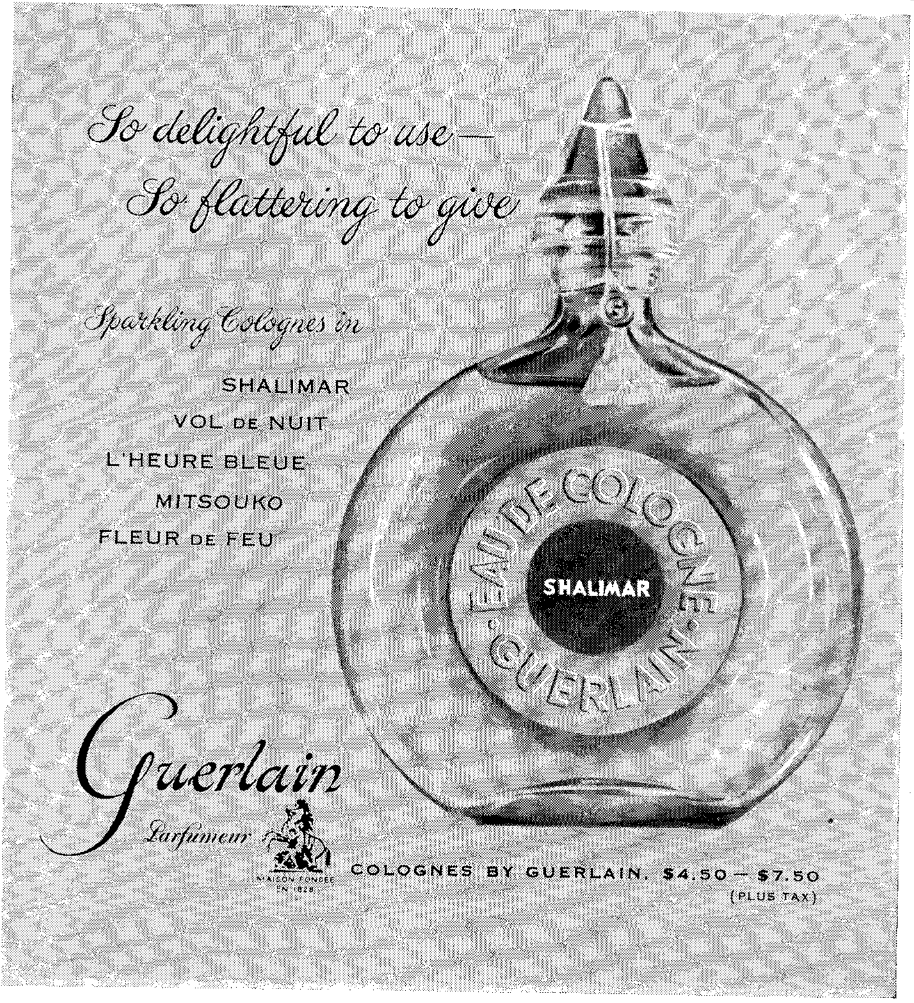
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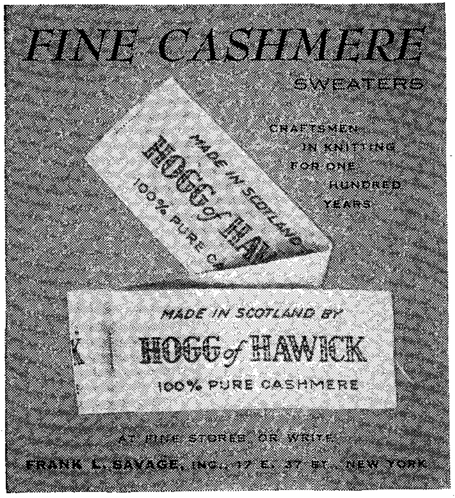

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peaked visors coming forward over the brows. Infinitesimal pillboxes are called Unicorns, because of the little horn projecting forward at the center front. They can be of bright-green velours trimmed with jet or, for evening, of sequins and have a neckerchief to match. The unicorn idea appears in other flat pillboxes, such as a draped one of pastel kid with an ornament up the front, and one of pink kid with a rose bobbing at the point. Some small caps are rather Diana the Huntress—smooth, moderately deep caps with a fin rising from the center back and going forward into a sharp helmet sort of jut at dead center. These come in practically any fabric, including panne and satin for evening. To go with city tweeds and jerseys, there are many cone-crowned velours turbans whose edges, wrapped with mat silk jersey, descend to the nape of the neck, then ascend over the ears high enough to clear the hairline above the forehead.

THE big hats made by Walter Florell are distinguished indeed. Among them are such coquetries as the ones he calls "dressy casuals"—daytime sports shapes made important by trimming. Nyala felt, which has a hairy, tweedy surface, makes one with a deep, wavy brim, which, like the crown, is covered with a network of gold braid. A largish coolie type has gunmetal angel wings all over it. Beautiful, beautiful big sailors appear with very low crowns (unusual this season, or haven't you been listening?). One is of the palest beige panne, with elongated sides and a rhinestone-studded beige pheasant feather across the front; a sailor of gray Nyala felt has a brim much wider in front than in back, and the facing and crushed hatband are of white panne. A large Breton sailor combines felt and white angora. A small sailor of Pandora is worn pushed back on the head to show the beige jersey facing; a cap has a tilted white beret crown and a black velvet visor. Pandora is also used for a large bonnet whose brim arches high at one side, Florell having always leaned toward profile tilts. This leaning is especially noticeable in a group of felts decorated with outward tucks or pleats. Pleats encircle a mauve-and-turquoise sideways cap; tucks spiral around the deep, pointed crown of a hat with a tiny arched brim. Crazy Quilts are small felts with patches of many colors sewed all over them; a pillbox that is flat across the back has suggestions of tricorne points at the sides and front, and a tweedy jersey, in black flecked with

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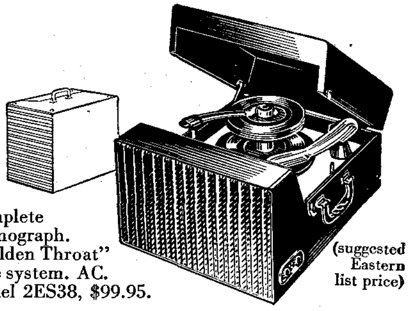

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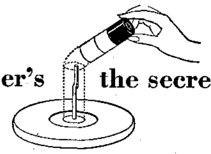

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rust, makes a traveller's half hat with a black yarn pompon high at one side to match the fringe of the accompanying stole.

IRENE is true to her small, understated shapes, draped and manipulated and adorned with fine handwork. She goes in for all manner of taupey beiges and monotones, such as her neatly named Impartial beige (it doesn't care *what* it's worn with). One idea is her peach-basket cloche, the crown deep and slightly squared and the brim going downward almost without a visible break between it and the crown. Other hats are little more than doilies. She uses lots and lots of velvet on them. Velvet shredded to look like chrysanthemum petals makes the shaggy edges of cloches or tilted caps; cut-out panne "lace," sparkling with rhinestones, makes pillboxes and small cloches. Velvet knit (looks like chenille) is one of her favorites for sports-type hats trimmed with bands of jersey and wool yarn, metal beads, and gold tinsel, all twisted into a rope. To wear with furs, she likes tiny sailors with mink or ermine across the front and either going on around the back or descending to tie under the chin. Chiffon inserts make circles round and round a deep cap of white ermine. She dyes mink a rusty red for such items as a tiny cap with a rose of the same hue shooting up the front. For Irene loves decorations that match their hats. A violet velvet pillbox has violets front and back that match exactly, to offer only one more example.

BRAAGAARD and Andra also manage to give the pillbox a novel look. The uncompromising bottom edge of this shape can be trying to many a woman, but theirs have a way of descending into shallow or sharp Vs toward the temples, and most of them are further softened by crushed horizontal drapery above. Other pillboxes are shown in turquoise felt, twisted into snail shapes to make softening scallops along the hair. Snug, tilted caps with tiny brims bear the familiar Braagaard trademark—such decoration as pale-yellow ostrich on the arched high side. The shop also abounds in beautiful and authoritative draped turbans of pastel or black melusines that are done in profile style. Others have back interest; blue-and-black striped velvet makes a turban draped up to fluttering ends high and toward the back; a peaked turban of a soft brown velvet has aqua ostrich dangling from the same sort of backward peak. Other tall hats have bonnet fronts and peaked drapery aft. Every woman an empress—that's their goal.

This, by the way, doesn't begin to cover the fall custom hats, and it's entirely possible that there'll be other collections to report upon in a week or so.

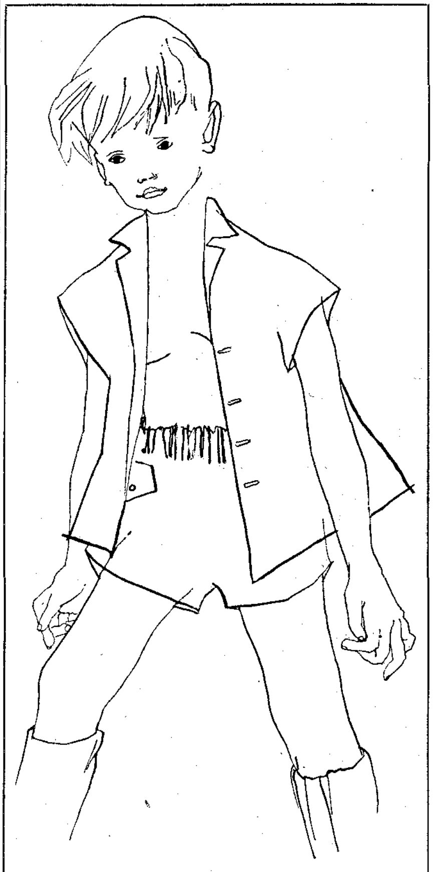
—LOIS LONG

• •

SUMMER PEOPLE

If we could stay
Here always in this meadow
Under this tree,
Here in woodland shallows of fern and bay
And by a silk-sewn sea,
Riders through *mille-fleurs* fields in endless leisure—
Wild rose and berries and the wings
Of small things under the leaves—
In a trance of pleasure;
If we could stay
Waist-deep in grass where Queen Anne's lace is
The height of a child's eye,
We could be
The people in blue-green and flat gold leaf
Safe under the paradise tree.
But the breath comes and goes, even the breath
Of summer, and when the cold
Drives the deer from their hiding places
To seek the apples
Under this tree,
And the hunters crash through the alders to the water
With powerful hands and stern faces,
We shall not be here to see.
We are summer people
Who go home in winter.

—JOYCE HORNER



THE LAUGHTER OF A SMALL BOY

If you looked closely into 10-year-old Jimmy's eyes, you'd see deep dark pools of sadness. But no laughter. That's because he's never been around it. During play hours at school he stands on the rim of activity. Retrieves a ball thrown astray, or unties the knot in a small boy's shoe.

To Jimmy life is all made up of chores—little and big ones. That's because ever since his father left home, he's been "the man" in the family. His ailing mother isn't strong enough to wait on Jimmy's two younger sisters and do household chores and run errands, too. That's Jimmy's job. That's why laughter is as strange to him as a frog in a lily pond.

But CSS camp will be the beginning of some laughter in Jimmy's life. He'll learn that life isn't just a matter of running errands and doing household chores. He'll discover for the first time that a boy's life is made up of squeals of delightful fun. And meanwhile back home a CSS family counselor will be helping Jimmy's mother plan so that when he comes back the laughter won't go out of his eyes and heart.

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LETTER FROM LONDON

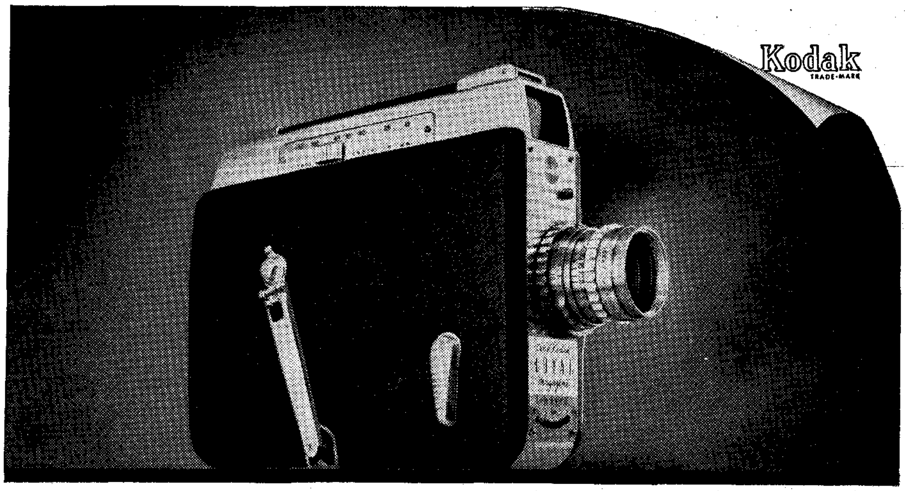
JULY 28

THE news of the truce in Korea made one stormy, chilly Monday morning in this most dismal of summers look bright with relief. No one here in London seemed to feel anything more than that sober emotion, combined with worry about the critical problems still ahead. Lord Samuel, the Liberal leader in the House of Lords, summed up the uneasy opinion of the public when he said that the United Nations had come to the end of one hard phase only to enter another. The Archbishop of Canterbury said that the armistice is like a newborn infant, and asked the churchgoing members of the nation to take themselves to special services next Sunday to give thanks for its arrival and to pray for its "weak and precarious condition." There can seldom have been an armistice concluding an unpopular war that was greeted with such a total absence of popular demonstration.

Even before the truce became a signed-and-sealed fact, there was a great deal of talk, both in Parliament and among the rest of the people, on the chances of peace in Asia and an end to the long, nervous cold war of the West. The House of Commons, about to adjourn until the third week in October, devoted two argumentative days last week to a debate on foreign affairs that aired some of the hopes and fears now rather widely held in Britain on the latter subject. Briefly, the hopes are centered on a new approach to Russia and the fears on what is believed to be the current American attitude toward this approach. In the debate, the Government was on the defensive and the Opposition scored most of the points—or that was how quite a substantial segment of the public apparently saw it. The Government's job was as difficult as putting on a show with a good bit of the book rewritten for opening night and an understudy doubling in two of the leading parts. In the absence of Sir Winston Churchill and Mr. Eden, the report on the Washington conversations of the Big Three Foreign Ministers was made by Mr. Butler, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who is acting Prime Minister. (The Marquess of Salisbury, a House of Lords man, was unable to give his account to the Commons, but he will present it in the House of Lords tomorrow.) Mr. Butler's performance was heavily gunned from the Labour and Liberal benches as a lame, bureaucratic, and dusty answer after the enormous psychological impetus that people here and throughout Europe gained from the Prime Minister's foreign-affairs speech of May 11th. This was the speech in which Winston Churchill put forward the idea of a meeting of the heads of state to discuss possible means of ending the cold war, maybe including an Eastern Locarno. (The Locarno suggestion was not favorably received in the Russian press at the time.) Sir Winston had, of course, expressed a wish for such a conference before, but this time his urging that the talks be pruned of the usual cumbersome entourage of experts, combined with the general feeling that the new Russian setup might be ready, and even eager, for a meeting along these lines, hit straight home all over worried Western Europe. In last week's House of Commons debate, Labour maintained that the subsequent Washington compromise of holding talks between the Big Four Foreign Ministers, rather than the heads of state, had dispelled the possibility of fruitful informal negotiation and, by erecting hedges of prickly, discouraging conditions in advance, had put everything back on the same old path that ran into a bog at the last meeting of the Foreign Ministers, at the Palais Rose. Kenneth Younger, who was the extremely able Minister of State in the Labour Government, declared that "the Prime Minister's policy has been sunk without a trace" and that there was nothing that "could not have been written a year ago, and long before the death of Stalin," in the Washington note to the Soviet Union, which he translated as saying, in effect, "Western policy as we have known it in recent years is unchanged. We are unaffected by the events of the past six months, and now will you please be so good as to answer the letter we sent on 23rd September about Germany?" Sir Robert Boothby, a Conservative M.P. who is a strong supporter of the Council of Europe, remarked that with Churchill not available to develop "the new tune" that set Europe humming with hope two months ago—"perhaps the only tune that can save our civilization"—the Washington invitation to Moscow could hardly have gone any further, even if all parties had been in agreement. Naturally, not everybody in the House—or in the public outside, who read about it in the papers the next day—went along with this melodious opinion. Plenty of Britons went along with the Government when it sharply denied that the Prime Minister's policy had been sunk at Washington or anywhere else. It pointed out that his having to stay home and the doubt as to exactly who is now answering the door in the Kremlin had in any case altered his original conception of the meeting, and added that the possibility of the meeting would not be removed by any prior conference of Foreign Ministers. As far as can be judged, though, public opinion remains, on the whole, unconvinced and unmollified. Should the Russians look down their noses at the lesser invitation (as *Pravda's* first reaction suggests that they may), it could give a discouraging knock to the prestige of American leadership in Europe, which has already been damaged here this summer by Senator McCarthy.

In the Commons debate, the Conservatives said, perhaps with a good deal of truth, that Labour was certainly not finding it bad policy to whip up its version of the public's doubts and disappointments as a means of distracting attention from its own unedifying Party rows. The Socialists said that they were trying their best to rescue Sir Winston Churchill from the Tory Party, which was as nervous over his plain speaking in the nineteen-fifties as it had been in the nineteen-thirties. There is a highly ironic touch, undoubtedly found diverting by the invalid at Chartwell, in the fervid way the party that fought Churchill with the phrase "warmonger" in the general election is now acclaiming him as the only statesman capable of architecting a durable peace.

THE changing of the Regency Act of 1937 to substitute the Duke of Edinburgh for Princess Margaret as regent for and guardian of his infant son in the event that anything should happen to the Queen is to be whisked through Parliament before the start of the royal tour of the Commonwealth in November. Though it was pointedly stated that this move had been under consideration ever since the Queen's accession, it has naturally been linked up by most people to more recent discussions, which have seemed like old times to lots of middle-aged Britons, once more (though far more calmly on this occasion) debating questions about royalty, marriage, divorce, and the Church and the State. The newspaper stories on the subject trickled in obliquely, via the American press; some of the English papers printed the New York rumors with the prim comment that they were, of course, absurd. The fact that they



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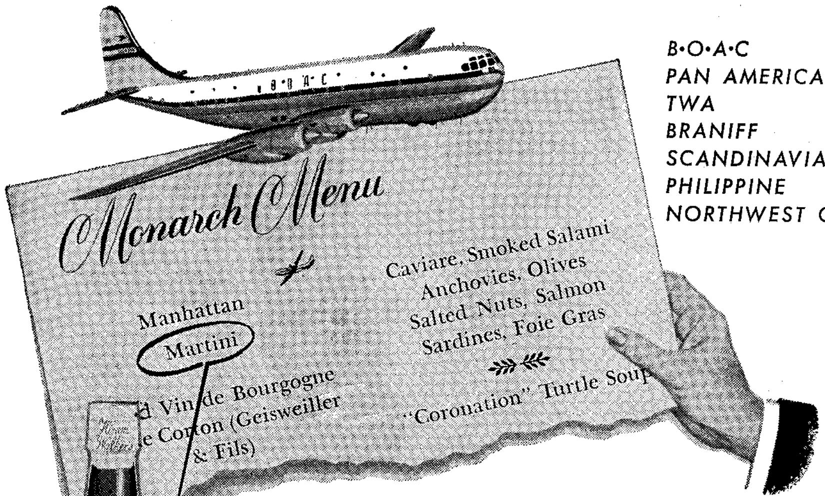

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were being read just the same was noticed in Printing House Square, from which the *Times* thundered a severe editorial reproof to the gossipers, and the newly formed Press Council, a body consisting of fifteen editorial and ten managerial representatives, devoted its first meeting in London to delivering twenty-five simultaneous raps on the knuckles to the *Daily Mirror* for its questionable taste, "contrary to the best traditions of British journalism," in holding a sort of Gallup whip-around among its readers to discover whether or not they thought that a princess ought to be able to marry as she pleased.

THE Royal River Pageant, the season's last bit of Coronation hoopla in London, came off under skies that seemed about to tip their own rivers of water right back into the Thames. Even without the threatening weather, the show would have proved that pageantry comes off best on dry land. Maybe the water procession from Greenwich to Westminster—the kind of thing so enthusiastically described by ancient London chroniclers—would have been a superb sight in the days when a barge was a barge, manned by oarsmen in scarlet and gold. The Lord Mayor, spanking along in the modern equivalent—a smart motor launch—got some laughs mixed with the crowd's good-natured cheers as he darted from side to side of the vessel waving a pocket handkerchief. Lighters crammed with city dignitaries togged up in furred red-and-blue gowns and also waving like mad were faintly comic novelties, too, as were other craft filled with the bands of various regiments, visible only from the neck up as they were borne past, tootling away at martial melodies. The historical tableaux on barges included a collection of periwigged musicians pleasantly playing Handel's "Water Music." The outstanding performer in the Pageant, however, was the Thames itself. Reflecting the purple lights of the storm clouds, against which the dome of St. Paul's, the church spires of the City, and the Raoul Dufy effect of the tiny, fluttering flags decking the waterfront stood out magnificently, it seemed to be floodlit by nature and by history.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

DEAR SUBSCRIBER:

For years we have resisted calling a LIFE subscription "LIFE Insurance." But . . .—*From a letter from Life.*

Hold on; this is no moment to weaken.

BOOKS

The Cult for Corvo

IN his introduction to Frederick Rolfe's "The Desire and Pursuit of the Whole" (New Directions), A. J. A. Symons informs us that "after Rolfe's death it was read by Horatio Brown on behalf of an unpaid creditor, and pronounced unpublishable; as, at that time, it undoubtedly was." The basis of Brown's judgment seems to have been the British libel laws, but he might even more reasonably have come to the same conclusion on purely literary grounds. Death has removed most of the targets of Rolfe's libels, but the intervening forty years have done nothing to improve his story or his style.

Rolfe's hero, Nicholas Crabbe, a writer of exquisite taste and refinement with a singular resemblance to Frederick Rolfe, first appears cruising in a small yacht in the neighborhood of Messina. He anchors for the night, smokes a cigarette, reads "the decorated ode of Pindar about the Runner of Thessaly," and turns in. "Sleep came with no wooing that night; and, on the soft warm breast of the dusky god, he attained thrice-blessed oblivion." In the early hours of the following morning, the great Calabrian earthquake of 1908 takes place. It is an ill wind and so forth, however, and when Crabbe goes ashore to poke about among the ruins, practically the first thing he comes on is Zilda. Rolfe deserves credit for employing a little originality in introducing his heroine. She is one of the few women in fiction to make an initial appearance stark naked. She is lying, lightly coated with dust, her head buried, like an ostrich's, in the rubble of a collapsed house. Crabbe takes her by the feet and drags her into the story.

> She was a strangely formed, very-well-grown child of about sixteen years, straight-limbed, and strong, almost as sexless as a boy, white as milk and honey with thick short light-brown hair. . . . The bright coral mouth was a little open, the upper lip lifted and straight, the lower just drooping in the sweetest young dawn of a smile, giving glimpses of glittering magnificent teeth. Like all other features, her mouth was strong and long, but of splendid delicacy—capable of every passion, but unsullied, so innocent, so ignorant. Indeed the whole face, grand in its perfect egg-like oval, down to the fine firm cheeks and jaw and chin, was ripe for devouring kisses: but never a kiss had brushed that flower-like bloom—never had those maidenly lips been offered, pressed, to another's. Of that he was certain.

Crabbe passes up the temptations of this morsel, gives her a meal aboard his yacht, some dry clothes, and a bit of money, and puts her back on shore. Then, filled with a happy sense of having done the right thing, he settles down to read himself to sleep again. But before the dusky god's soft warm breast has got to work, Zilda is back on board, dripping wet from the long swim out to the anchorage. An erotic tease scene, with wet clothes being peeled off and blankets being handled adroitly, follows. It is all naggingly familiar, and one tries to recall the literary parallels to the flummery as one reads it. But the references, one soon realizes, are not literary, and the last time one encountered the situation Mr. James Mason, brooding and tight-lipped as the Flying Dutchman, was wrapping Miss Ava Gardner in the familiar blanket in the saloon of his well-appointed yacht. She had swum out to the anchorage, too, to present herself, with dripping flanks and oozy hair, to the mysterious stranger. It is that kind of incident, and Rolfe had that kind of imagination.

The story does not improve as it progresses. Crabbe is an English gentleman, and as it wouldn't do for him to pluck a flower with any hint of the common about it, Zilda turns out to be a direct descendant of the Doges of the eleventh, twelfth, and fourteenth centuries. When the correct level of snobbery has thus been established, Rolfe proceeds with his erotic tease game. The gentleman writer can't take an unchaperoned girl round with him aboard his yacht, but, as all her relatives have been wiped out in the quake, he feels responsible for her, and in any case she threatens suicide if he turns her away. The solution is simple enough—to dress her as a boy and take her along as a servant. This adds a little homo-

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DOUBLEDAY

sexual pepper to the tease game, putting that ripe face so close, so close, and yet so far. Finally, though, all the barriers are broken down:

> Lips clung to lips, and eyes looked into eyes, long. Breast pressed breast and heart beat unto heart. Halves, which had found each other, were joined and dissolved into each other as one.

The parallel to this particular situation is not to be found on film. The handsome boy-girl servant breaking down the reserve of a fastidious and handsome yachtsman is a throwback to a novel by Miss Ethel M. Dell. The level of the imagination, though, remains the same. And then all doubt that this is not simply a shabby wish-fulfillment fantasy is dispelled by the happy financial ending that is tied in with the happy love ending. Boy gets girl, and at the same time a three-thousand-dollar advance from a publisher and a promise of royalties of twenty-two and a half per cent on the first ten thousand copies of his new novel.

The poverty of the imagination at work in "The Desire and Pursuit of the Whole" might be discounted if it were beautifully written. But Rolfe used a stilted literary language deriving from Meredith and Carlyle and punctuated by such idiosyncrasies as "It was 18½ o'clock," by such odd spellings as "chilometre," and by the frequent appearance of bizarre words in inverted and contorted sentences:

> His is an aspect cased cap-a-pie in mail adamantine. Tender and pliant she seems, as a lily in bloom. But supple the sheath, *it inshrouds an inflexible weapon.* Soft is the sensitive soul which his armor conceals.
>
> It remained to manoeuvre a private life on land.
>
> Between the islands of Sanzorzi and Spinalonga, Nicholas knew that he rowed before the forcefullest and featliest gondoliere who ever had rowed behind him.

Zilda, of course, speaks in translation to show how Italian she is:

> "Sior, he is a brave, and very beneficient; and, as for me, I am appassionated for pictures."

Why Rolfe should in recent years have become the focus of a cult is inexplicable. The mystery deepens when one reads Symons' biography of him, "The Quest for Corvo." Rolfe, who called himself Frederick Baron Corvo for a time after he had been rejected as a candidate for the Roman Catholic priesthood, made a career out of sponging, and tried to make his profession seem honorable by repaying his benefactors with slander and abuse. He followed the true cadger's formula: "Yah, you think you can buy my integrity with

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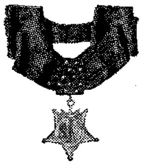

IT WAS DURING the Chosin reservoir fighting. Against F Company's hill position, Reds were attacking in regimental strength. The last of Private Cafferata's fire team-mates had just become a casualty, leaving a gap in the defense line. If the enemy could exploit it, they could smash the entire perimeter.

Exposing himself to devastating fire, Private Cafferata maneuvered along the line. Alone, he killed fifteen Chinese, routed the rest, and held till reinforcements plugged the hole.

The Reds hit again. A grenade fell into a gully full of wounded. Private Cafferata hurled it back, saving the men but suffering severe wounds. Ignoring intense pain, he still fought on until a sniper got him.

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a few measly dollars, do you? I'll show you I can keep my independence." His particular target was the small English Roman Catholic community, which he exploited for ten years as a professional convert. He had the petty fraudsman's hearty contempt for hard workers and honest men. He decided that if dull dogs like Newman and Manning, who really swallowed all that superstitious stuff, could become cardinals, a truly clever man like himself would inevitably win the papal throne. When the Church, seeing through him as if he were glass, declined even to make him a priest, he realized that this was because the smart men in the hierarchy were afraid of letting such a clever man become Pope. His bitterness at this was doubled when well-meaning persons tried to wean him away from cadging to literary hackwork, for which he had some qualifications. Like all petty criminals, he was angered when he was offered work in place of easy money. Toward the end of Rolfe's life an ill-advised friend, moved by his ignorance of Italy and his book-nourished love for it, stood him a month's holiday in Venice. When the month was up, Rolfe saw no reason his other English benefactors should not keep him in Venice just as easily as in England. Living was so much cheaper that it would be an economy for them in the long run. Venice, too, had certain advantages for a man of his tastes that the England which had sent Oscar Wilde to Reading Gaol did not. His benefactors, not very surprisingly, failed to get the point. Rolfe's attempts at sponging by correspondence failed, and he became a charge on the Venetian English community, which sustained him, although with diminishing enthusiasm as his perversion became more and more blatant, until his death, nearly six years later. A good deal of "The Desire and Pursuit of the Whole," written while his luck and his supply of benefactors were running out, is given up to thinly veiled vicious attacks on those who tried to save him and to a singularly dishonest account of his self-inflicted hardships. It is one of the most mean-spirited books ever written, but the fascinations of its flawless nastiness from the psychological point of view are a very inadequate compensation for its almost complete lack of literary merit. —ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE CHAIN IN THE HEART, by Hubert Creekmore (Random House). This moving story of Negroes in a

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Take a cool view of New York from this beautiful garden setting atop the Astor. Open afternoons and evenings.
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  - Chinese Fried Rice
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  - Liver Vinaigrette
  - Deviled Veal Steak
  - Clams with Zucchini

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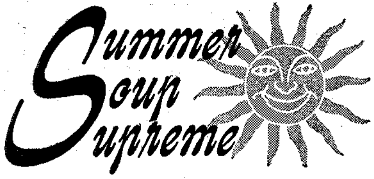

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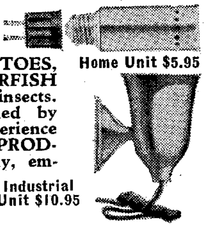

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small Southern town is written with power and a healthy amount of bitterness, and also with a good deal of pride. Mr. Creekmore carries one family through three generations, from 1900 to the present, and shows, painstakingly and with great spirit, how each child, growing up, reacts against the ties that bind him, and how he decides to live. It is a convincing story, about people who come to life as we read and continue to interest us after the book ends.

ADOBE WALLS, by W. R. Burnett (Knopf). The Apache Indians stage their last revolt in Arizona, and are put down by one Walter Grein, whose pride in his exploit is blunted by the loss of his best friend and by the departure from his life of the woman he is in love with. Mr. Burnett's characters are all sketchy, but he writes about them with sympathy and manages to reduce an exciting historical episode to a fairly good adventure story that has speed and some grace.

WHITE HUNTER, BLACK HEART, by Peter Viertel (Doubleday). John Wilson, a Hollywood movie director who has the ability to exasperate his co-workers so thoroughly that he gets to be an obsession with most of them, goes to Africa to make a movie and becomes fascinated by big-game hunting. Peter Verrill, a movie writer who recounts the story of the trip and whose feeling about Wilson is a painful confusion of attraction and hatred, grows almost incoherent in his effort to put down everything he knows, apparently hoping by this method to stumble on a clue to the baffling personality of his hero. The writing is poor, and one is left with the impression that Mr. Viertel overreached himself in his choice of a subject.

COUNTRY DANCE, by Katharine Morris (Dutton). A story of the English countryside, telling how love comes to young people and is sometimes destroyed in the old. Miss Morris, a relentlessly sensitive writer, has three heroines, two of them in the first bloom of youth and the third entering old age, and she has several heroes. Her feeling for people is true, if superficial, and she has a nice way of writing about animals.

PATROL, by Fred Majdalany (Houghton Mifflin). In his attempt to prove the pointlessness of war, Mr. Majdalany is, unhappily, betrayed by his excess of youthful irony and his determination to be terse at all costs. The result is a fragmentary work in which even the most appealing of his human beings gradually fade and become as meaningless as the struggle in which they are engaged. The principal figure, Tim Sheldon, a young British officer, goes on a fatal patrol, although he is not obliged to do so. He is posed against several figures of Army life, some of them indifferent to his troubles, some not. The place is Africa and the time 1943.

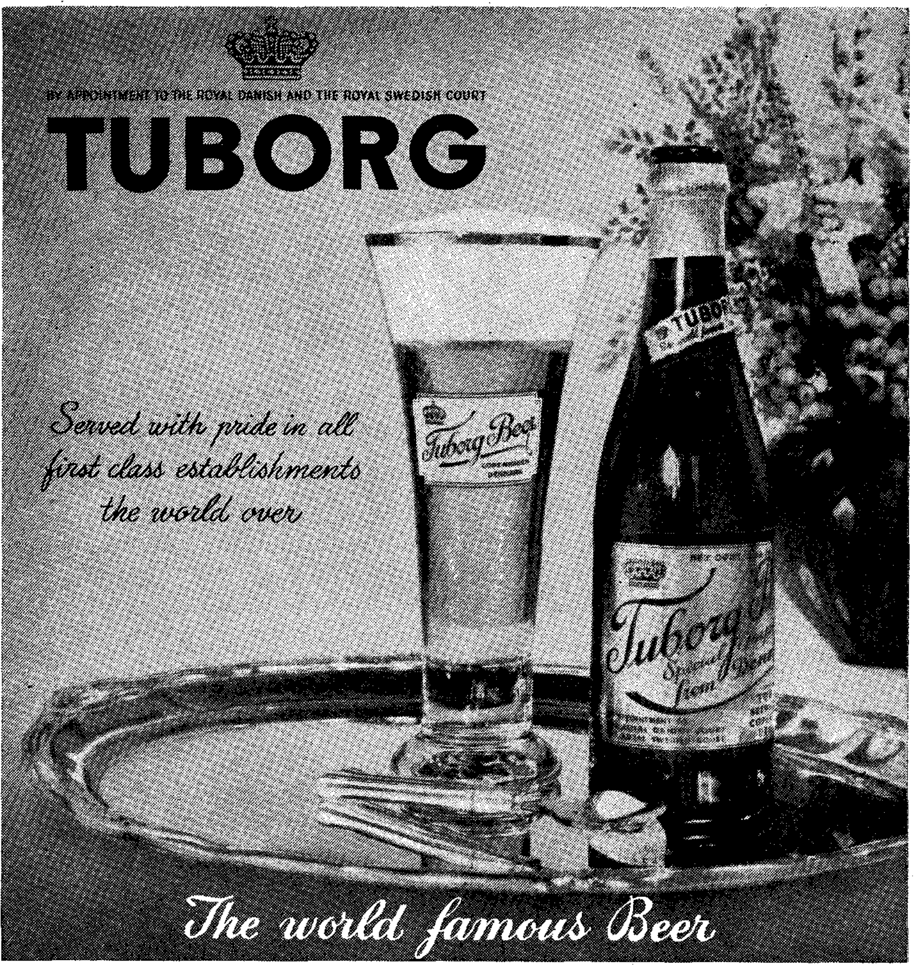
GENERAL

THE WORLDLY PHILOSOPHERS, by Robert L. Heilbroner (Simon & Schuster). A luminous study of the dozen or so theoretical economists—Adam Smith, Karl Marx, John Maynard Keynes, and their somewhat less influential contemporaries, such as Thomas Robert Malthus, John Stuart Mill, Robert Owen, Henry George, Thorstein Veblen, and Joseph Schumpeter—whose various efforts to explain the mechanics of an industrial civilization have largely shaped the modern world. In dealing with his subjects, the author, a former practitioner of what has been called the dismal science, is well aware of the desirability of relating the mind to the man and the man to the climate of his time, with the result that he has given us not only an immensely useful handbook but an immensely enjoyable one. Highly recommended.

KING GEORGE V, by Harold Nicolson (Doubleday). A record of the public life of King George V. (A memoir of his private life, by John Gore—written, as was this one, with the cooperation of the Royal Family—was published in 1941.) Mr. Nicolson has handled his subject so skillfully that the book seems less an "official biography" than a spontaneous and sometimes even humorous portrait of a man of integrity and great dignity. The King emerges as extremely intelligent, though not intellectual, and a stickler for court etiquette, though he himself retained the salty manners and the relish for rowdy stories he acquired as a young naval officer. The book is also a thoughtful study of the institution of monarchy in a world of violent change. Much of the material comes from the diaries King George kept from his fifteenth year to a couple of days before he died, and letters to him and from him. (There is an absorbing exchange of correspondence about the possibility of granting Czar Nicholas II, who was a cousin and close friend of the King, asylum in England.) Photographs.

HELL ON HORSES AND WOMEN, by Alice Marriott (University of Oklahoma Press). An old adage of the prairies is "The cow business is a damn fine business for men and mules but it's hell on horses and women." The author, an ethnologist and a specialist on the Far West, travelled from Wyoming to Florida (cow country turns out to be any place where cows are raised), questioning ranchers' wives about their problems in order to find out how much truth there is in the last part of the saying. Although all the women she talked to had their difficulties—educating the children was a universal one and shopping another—not one of them complained about the life she was leading. Miss Marriott has the ability to make the people she describes seem as real and interesting to the reader as they must have seemed to her. The journalistic and literary boundaries of her report extend far beyond the regional ones.

LETTERS OF SHERWOOD ANDERSON, selected and edited by Howard Mumford Jones and Walter B. Rideout (Little, Brown). If this engrossing selection of Anderson's letters pitilessly reveals the poverty of his conceptual thinking and his unyielding grandiose self-deception about his work, it also shows the overwhelming warmth and generosity he put into his personal relations and the wholly admirable honesty with which he resisted all the political-slogan thinking that came his way. "We must love one another or perish" is the theme of all these letters, as it is the theme of everything Anderson ever wrote, and his constant plea is for the "fine, simple, clean" things as opposed to all that is nasty, complex, or vile. A strong resemblance to Whitman comes through, which would probably have distressed Anderson, who put the Brooklyn bard down as an eloquent faker. The editors have corrected Anderson's wild and woolly spelling in many cases (they missed "Barbison-Plaza") and have identified in footnotes practically everyone and everything mentioned. The notes are sometimes useful, sometimes pretentious (as when B. W. Huebsch is pigeonholed as "characteristic publisher of the 1920's"), and sometimes no help at all (as when the editors confuse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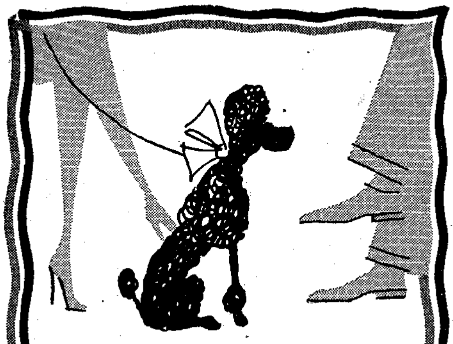

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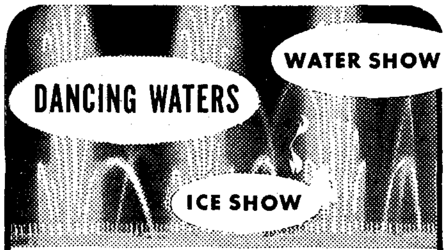

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Arthur Brisbane with his father, Albert).

A MINGLED YARN, by H. M. Tomlinson (Bobbs-Merrill). Eighteen personal essays, most of them first published between 1914 and 1932, which the author has now assembled on the occasion of his eightieth birthday to form a kind of log of his gently reluctant passage from the age of sail and penny-a-glass whiskey into a world he never made. A trifle querulous, and at times downright silly, but rewarding all the same.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE SCHIRMER INHERITANCE, by Eric Ambler (Knopf). Some eight thousand people lay claim to the three million dollars' worth of bonds that are found in an old tin trunk on the death of an elderly widow, but they all turn out to be impostors, and the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania moves to attach the treasure. There are, however, rumors of an authentic heir in Stuttgart, and the law firm representing the estate sends over a bright young man named George Carey to track him down. Like all Mr. Ambler's heroes, Carey has a rather unsettling time; in the company of a handsome female interpreter with a spectacular capacity for alcohol, he ranges from Germany to Yugoslavia and encounters any number of violent and picturesque characters along the way. They get their man in the end but, for reasons that won't be disclosed here, Pennsylvania gets the bonds. Not quite on a level with "A Coffin for Dimitrios" or "Journey Into Fear" but still a very satisfactory contribution to the literature of international dirty work.

•

After two years of research by its chemists, one cosmetic company has recently added a new suntan lotion to an already successful line of skin-care products. They held the product off the market until they discovered a formula that would work as an effective sunscreen and leave the skin soft and pliable. Based on a lanolin combination, the suntan oil is readily absorbed by the skin. In a delightful shade of coffee with cream, it will not stain clothes or the skin. The results can be so severe as to scar the individual for life.—*Houston Post.*

Well, what's a lifetime measured against the sun's age?

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Times*]

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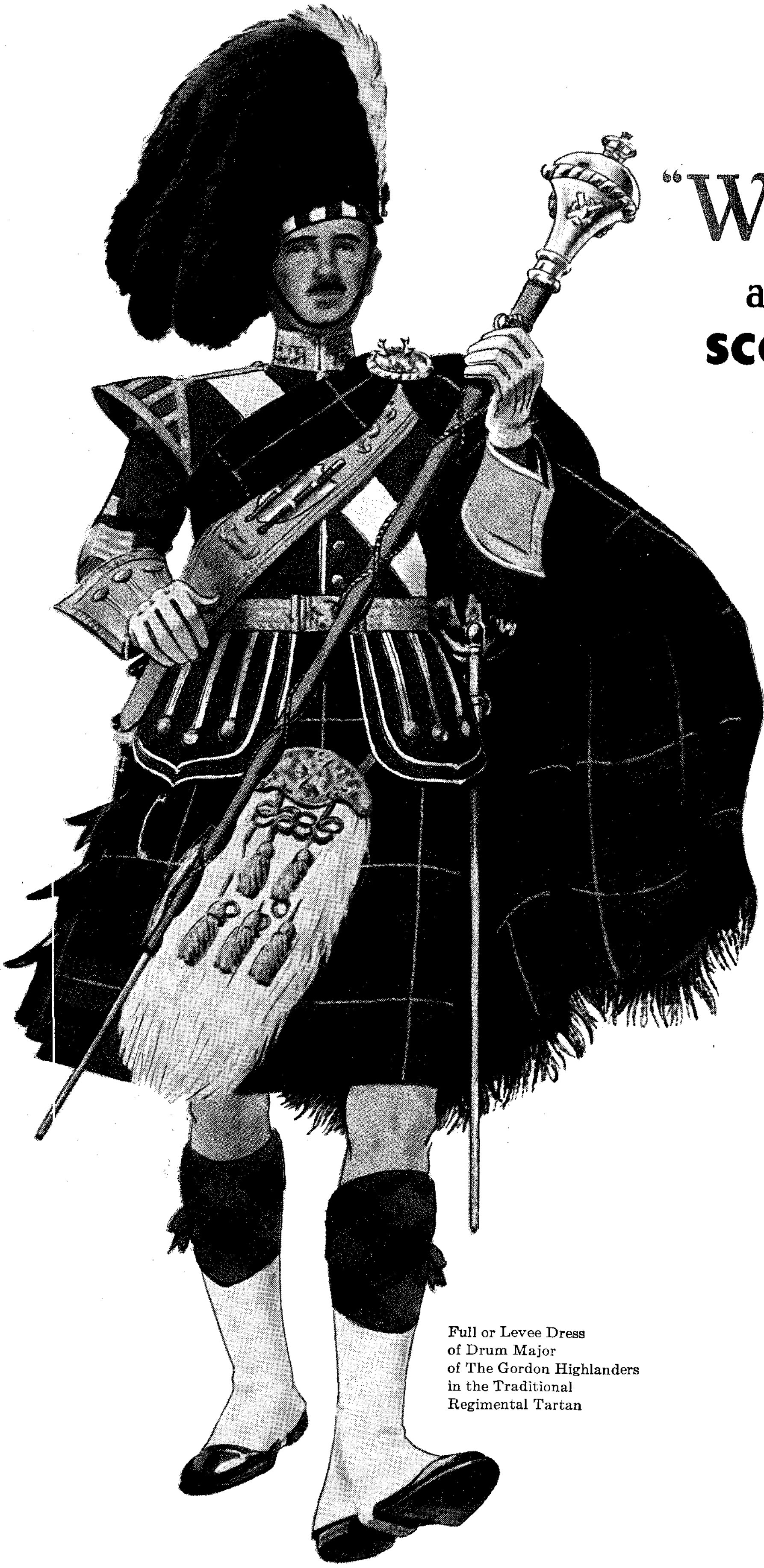

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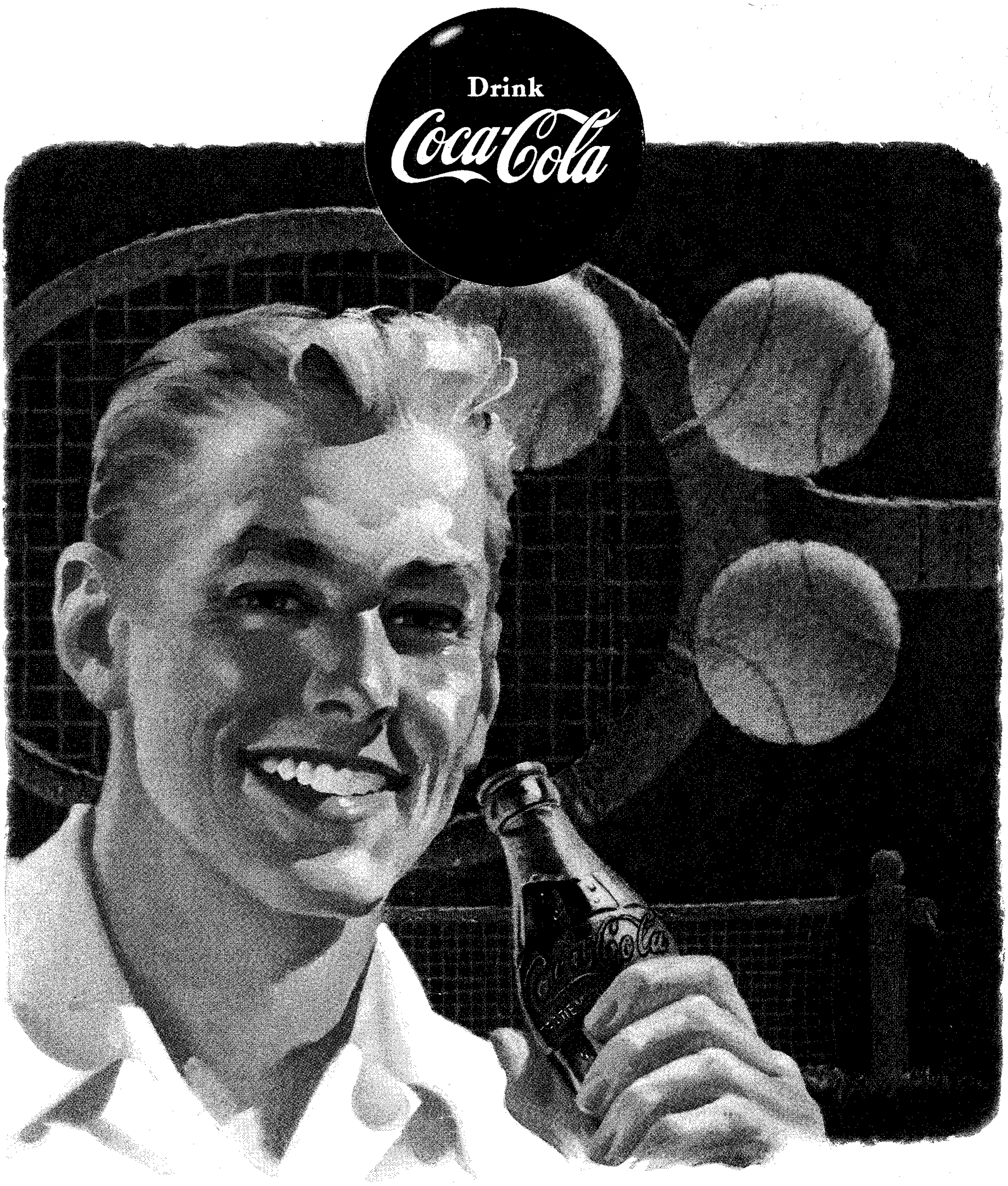

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